

DO:
OR, THE
Faithful Shepherd.
A
PASTORAL.

As it is Acted at the DUKE's Theatre.

Sylvestrem resonare doces Amaryllida Sylvos. Virg.

Licensed, Decemb. the 26th. 1676.

Roger L'Estrange.

L O N D O N:

Printed for William Cadman, and Sold by R. Bently in Ralph
Street in Covent Garden. 1679.

PASTORAL

Fictionalized scenes from pastoral life

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE

Lady Eliz. Delaval.

Since your Ladyship has such great Advantages of Fortune in those particular Blessings, Wit and Beauty, the best Companions of Quality; this Trouble is no more than what in Reason ought to be expected: For Dedications are but little better than Prologues and Epilogues; the general Subject of 'em is, to Prosecute the Witty and the Fair. Your Ladyships Perfections give me an ample Therme, and your Kindness to this Poem gives me boldness to make use of it. But Virtues in Persons so Nobly descended, are but things Necessitated; your Ladyships Merits could not be less, since they are derived from such Illustrious Parents. The Loyal Earl of *Newbrough*, by his Personal Actions in the Wars, and his constant following the King's Fate beyond Sea, made himself so considerable an Enemy to the Rebellious Party, that they used all their Arts, and laid all the Baits of Interest to have made him their Friend; but their impious Cause, and their slighted Proffers appear'd so detestable, that he proved his Valour and Fidelity equally Impregnable. And to sum up his Character, He was a Person that made the Field his Temple, Majesty his Divinity, and his Life and Fortunes, the Sacrifices he offered: Nor were his Heroick Virtues unmatcht in the Famous *Lady Aubeny*, whose Industrious Loyalty, and more than Female Courage, render'd her so Conspicuous, that the Success and Victory were the Rebels constant Slaves, and the spight of Fate had made 'em continually Prosperous, both in their Counsels and their Arms; yct such were her Indefatigable Services to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the Royal Cause, as made her Admired by the World, and Feared even by the Invincible: Witness her Imprisonment in the Tower, from whence by a miraculous Escape from her Confinement, and her threaten'd Martyrdom, as She lived a Champion for Loyalty, She dyed an Exile for it. Nor is your Ladyship less indebted to Providence for your Education than your Birth, in the Affinity and Patronage of the Lady Stanhope, a Person of so much Worth and Honour, and so truly Generous, and so excellently Good. But my design is not that of a Herald, but a Petitioner. The *Faithful Shepherd* begs Acceptance, and the better to obtain that Favour, I may without a Crime boast of some Merit in the Present I make, since it borrows its Value from the Esteem'd Guarini; and I have one Encouragement more to devote it here, knowing it has formerly been your Ladyships Diversion. If I am Censured by the Admirers of *Pastor Fido* for being so bold with so received a Poem, I only make this Apology, that Plays are so strictly tied up to Fashion; that like costly Habits, they are not Beautiful without it. I confess I have taken a great deal of Liberty in the Characters of *Sylvano* and *Corisca*, because they were not kept up in the Author: The first of which, in the Translated *Pastor Fido* (for I am a Stranger to the Italian) flag'd in the second Act, and was wholly lost in the two last. And the part of *Dorinda* was made up new to fit it for the Person design'd to Act it: And the two last Acts which have so little of the Authors, have still his design, only that I have represented what was but Narrative in the Original. But whatever Advantages I may have received from so famed a Story, and so good a Foundation, my greatest is, the occasion it gives me of expressing my self,

MADAM,

Your Ladyships most Obedient

and most Devoted Servant,

Elkanah Settle.

PRO

PROLOGUE.

WEll, Gallants, when we tell you we've been just
To the Renown'd Guarinie's sacred Dust;
And, to secure your good Opinions, say,
We've brought an admir'd Relique into Play:
Methinks I hear a young brisk Critick swear,
Ounds! do they think we're Antiquaries here?
Not the dull Rhyming Fops of the last Age;
Damn 'em, they'll bring the British Bards o'th' Stage.
There's your condemning Vote! Of all Mankind,
Unhappy Writers the least Mercy find.
A Play, but for one fault in the Design,
A babling Verse, dull Thought, or a flat Line,
Is lost beyond the pow'r of a Reprieve:
Yet there are greater faults you can forgive.
As for Example: Some of you, by Fate
And your kind Parents, get a great Estate;
And, having other ways t'employ your Wit
Than in the foolish Care of keeping it,
Strait a Grave, Sober, Guardian Steward comes,
To read your Papers, and to count your Sums;
Whom we soon see by Industry and Care,
Out of his Three-score Pounds Allowance, clear
In seven years space a Thousand Pound a year:
Yet he, good honest Man, shall be forgiven.
Another keeps a Miss the modish way;
And when poor Enas, quite weary, will not stay,
The hopeless Squire's into Alatia driven;
Yet pretty charming Sinner is forgiven.
And yet these very Men, for three hours spent
At a dull Play, what Rage and Fire they'll vent!
Since greater Losses go so easily down,
Faith, Gallants, do not pine for Half a Crown.

Actors

Actors Names.

Montano, High-Priest of Diana.

Mr. Medbourn.

Sylvio, his Son,

Mr. Crosby.

Mirtillo, in Love with Amaryllis.

Mr. Smith.

Titiro, Father to Amaryllis.

Mr. John Lee.

Sylvano, a discontented Shepherd.

Mr. Batterton.

Ergasto, Friend to Mirtillo.

Mr. Norris.

Carino, Foster Father to Mirtillo.

Mr. Perseval.

Dameta, an old Shepherd, Servant
to Mirtillo.

Mr. Richards.

Lynco, an old Shepherd, and Gover-
nour to Sylvio.

Mr. Gillo.

Dorco, Attendant to Sylvano.

Amaryllis, Daughter to Titiro.

Mrs. Batterton.

Corisca, in Love with Mirtillo.

Mrs. Mary Lee.

Dorinda, a young Nymph, in
Love with Sylvio.

Mrs. Petty.

Gerana, her Governess.

Mrs. Hughes.

Celia, Confident to Corisca.

Mrs. Napier.

Singers, Dancers, Nymphs, Shepherds, Huntsmen,
Priests, Guards, Heads-men.

The Scene, ARCADIA.

(1)

Pastor Fido.

ACT the First.

After a sound of Horns, and cry of Hunts-men,
Enter Silvio and Lynce.

Silvio.

THere's Musick in this sound, Life, Soul, and Charm.
What Breast so frozen, but this sport can warm ?
Deserted Woods, and unfrequented Plains,
And you, your Countreys shame, poor frightened Swayus,
I am your Champion ; 'tis by Me decreed,
The long disturber of your Peace shall bleed.
This Savage Bore must Dye.

Lynce. " Oh Silvio,
" Had I thy fresh and blooming Cheek , adieu
" I'd say to Beasts, and nobler Game pursue.
Silv. A Game more noble ? what more Sacred task,
Could Fortune grant, or his Ambition ask,
Who for his Country does with Monsters fight,
And the Worlds Terror makes his dear delight ?

Lyne. This Savage Chace leave t'an Ignobler hand :
A fairer Prize does your pursuit demand:

For which —
No less does the Arcadian safety call,
Then for this Erymanthian Monsters fall.
Have not our Oracles long since design'd
From Silvios Nuptials, we our Peace should find ?

" And thou
" To have a Nymph so fair, that not a Swain
" So proud, but sighs for her, and sighs in vain :
" To have this matchless bright Divinity
" By Destiny and Gods reserved for Thee ;
" Nay thrown into thy Arms without one sigh or tear ;
" And thou (unworthy) not to value her ?

B

Silv.

Sylv. Love, the dull Fetter of all flavid souls ;
No such weak power thy free-born mind controls.

Lync. " Oh *Sylvia*, hadst thou tried Love once, and found
" In Mutual Lovestray what true Joys abounding,
" I know thou'dst say, Oh Love, the sweetest Guest,
" Why hast thou been a stranger to this Breast ?
" Leave, leave the Wood's ; leave following Beast, fond Boy,
" And follow Love.

Sylv. Love, an unmanly Joy !
" Keep they those Pleasures to themselves alone,
" Who find a Soul in 'em, for I find none.
" Lync. No Soul in Love, the Worlds great Soul ! Doll Youth
" Too soon (believ't) thou'lt find this powerful Truth ;
" Perchance too late ; for he'll be sure, before
" We dye, to make us all once feel his pow'r,
" And be affur'd, worse torment none can prove,
" Than in old Limbs, the Youthful Itch of Love.

Old Men
" In Love are doubly wrackt, both with the sense
" Of their Youths Pride, and Ages Impotence.

Sylv. Must then my Youth for glorious actions leavt,
Be on dull Woman, prodigally spent ?
" For those *Chimeras* in a Lovers head,
" Those strange Elysiums by Mens Feavours bred ?

Lync. " Tell me, if in this pleasing month of June,
" When Earth is dress'd in all her rich array,

" Instead of bladed Fields, Brooks uncontroll'd,
" Green Woods, and painted Meads, thou shouldest behold,
" Bald Fields and Meads, Brooks bound with ice ; the Pine,
" The Beech, the Ash, the Oak, the Elm, the Yew,

" And Poplar, like inverted Scepters,
" Stand desolate, rattling their naked bones ;

" Wouldst thou not say, Nature is out of Tune,
" The World is sick, and like to dye in June ?

Now turn thy Eyes into thy self, and see
How ill thy Passions, with thy Youth, agree :
" Behold a much more monstrous Novelty

" Then this would seem in Nature, Courteous Heaven,
" To every Age has proper humours given.

" And as in Old Men, Love absurdly flows ;
" So Young Men, Enemies to Love, oppose

" Nature and Heaven. Look *Sylvia* round about,
" Examine this whole Universe throughout ;

" All that is fair or good, here or above,
" Is either Lover, or the work of Love.

Sylv.

Silv. How canst thou with such treacherous Arts persuade ?
 And shun the freedom of my Soul invade ?
 " Was it for this I had my tender years,
 " Committed to the care of thy grey hairs ?
 " That thou should'st thus Envenome my heart,
 " With Love ? Know'st who I am, or who thou art ?

Lyne. " Thou art a Man, or should'st be one, and I
 " Another ; what I teach Humanity.
 " And if thou scornest that name, which is thy Pride,
 " Take heed, instead of being Delfied,
 " Thou turn not Beast.

Silv. " That Monster-taming King,
 " From whom my lofty Pedigree I bring,
 " Had never been thus Valiant, nor thus Famed,
 " If first the Monster Love he had not tamed,
 And his great deeds by Glory's Standard framed.

Lyne. See, foolish Youth, how weak thy Reasons prove ;
 " Had great *Alcides* never been in Love,
 " How then had'st thou been born ? If he o're-came
 " Monsters and Men, to Love impute his Fame ;
 " To Love his Conquests. Souls like his untamed,
 " In their own Nature rough, when once inflamed
 " With generous Love, and with its Sweets alloyed,
 " Are clearer, apter for great actions made.
 " If thou'rt ambitious then to imitate
 " Great *Hercules*, and not degenerate
 " From thy high blood ; since Woods thou dost affect,
 " Follow the Woods, but do not Love neglect.
 Not that I'de have thee thy mean thoughts debase
 To poor *Dorinda's* Love of low-born race.

Thy *Amaryllis* is of race Divine ;
 Besides by Contract, she's already thine.
 Thy Wife already.

Silv. Heav'n defend me !

Lyne. How ?

Silv. My Wife ?

Lyne. Can *Silvio* forget his Vow ?
 Your mutual promises received and given ?

" Take heed, bold Youth, how you dare sport with Heav'n.

Silv. " Mans freedom is Heav'n's gift, which does not take

" Us at our words, when a forc'd Vow we make.

Lyne. " I ; but (unless our Hopes and Judgments fail)

" Heav'n made this Match, and promis'd to entail

" A thousand blessings on't.

Silv. " 'Tis like that there

" Is nothing else to do. A proper care

" To vex the calm rest of the Gods above.

Lynco, I scorn both Lovers' Oaths, and Love.

[Exit.]

Lynco. " Thou sprung from Heav'n, harsh Boy ! nor of Divine

" Can I say suppose thee, nor of humane line.

" Alas ! Poyson thy cold Limbs did fashion ;

" Fair Venus had no hand in thy Creation.

[Exit.]

S C E N E the Second.

Enter Mirtillo and Ergasto.

Mirt. " Fair Amaryllis, if by speaking, I

" Offend thee, I will hold my peace, and dye.

Erg. " Mirtillo, Love is a great pain at best ;

" But so much more, the more it is suppress'd,

Why do you inward burn, and find no tongue ?

Mirt. " My fear, and my respect to her, thus long,

" Have silenc'd me. Alas, too well I know,

" Nor has Love struck me blind, that in my low,

" And slender Fortunes, it were idle pride

" To hope a Nymph so shap'd, so qualify'd,

" So rais'd in Birth, in Spirit, and in Blood,

" above all these so gentle, and so good,

" Can e're be mine. No, I have took the height,

" Of my unhappy Star, and dread my Fate.

But *Amaryllis* Weds; say, does she not ?

Erg. 'Tis so resolv'd.

Mirt. Oh my unhappy Lot !

Now Destiny has done its cruellest part,

Despair till now, but hover'd round my heart.

Till now, amidst the greatest of my fear,

Some glimmering hope at distance did appear :

My willing Love did the kind Flatterer play;

And though 'twas Night, me-thoughts I dreamt of Day.

But now my Horror runs through all my Veins :

Despair fills up my heart, and absolute Tyrant reigns.

Past all recovery she's gone, she's gone.

I see the Prize by a blest Favourite won ;

From my weak arms for ever, ever, torn ;

I see the Mirtle Wreath my Rivals brows adorn.

And now Ergasto, e're my heart quite break,

" Though 'tis too late, I am resolv'd to speak.

Erg. " Woe be to her, should her stern Father hear,

" That to stolen Prayers she ever lent an Ear.

Mirt. Alas my Looks and Language shall be far,

Both from offending him, and injuring her.

" I'll only say to her I owe my Death,
" And beg, when I sigh out my latest breath,
" She'd cast her fair Eyes on me, and say, Dye;
" This favourable Boon she can't deny:
That e're she goes to make another Blest,
My Sighs may reach her Ear, though not her Breast.
" Silvio, the Rich, the Gallant, and the Fair,
" The Priest, *Monsieur*'s only Son and Heir;
" 'Tis he (oh envied Youth) whose joy appears
" So ripe for Harvest in his Spring of years.

Erg. " Indeed you've little cause to envy him;
Rather to pity him.

Mirt. To pity him!
Can pity such a happy State best?

Ergast. " Because he Loves her not.

Mirt. " And has he Wit?
" Has he a heart? Is he not blind? And yet
" When I consider with what full Aspect
" Her Starry Eyes their influence direct
" Into my Breast, she cannot have a Dart
" Left in her Quiver for another heart.
" But why do they a Jem so precious throw,
" To one that knows it not, and scorns it so?

Erg. Because from *Silvio's* Marriage, Heav'n of old,
T'Arcadia has deliverance fore-told:
You, though a Stranger here, have understood,
That of an offer'd Virgins guiltless blood,
A Tribute by *Diana* dire command.
Is yearly paid by this unhappy Land.

Mirt. " But what strange Crime deserved so sharp a Doom?
" How could such monstrous cruelty find room
" In a Celestial mind?

Erg. The cause of all
This storm, was one of *Cynthia* Favourites fall:
Her best-lov'd Priest, a Youth of Noble blood,
By an inconstant Nymphs fair Eyes subdu'd;
And by her Vows and broken Oaths betray'd,
In desperation for this Perjur'd Maid,
Himself, before her Feet, a bloody Victim laid.
Whose Death *Diana* did so much incense,
That by a long and violent Pestilence,
A suffering Nation in her fall was crush'd:
In Purple dye her killing fury blusht:
Nor could the dying Criminals blood alone,
Wash off her stain, and for her sin atone.

Mirt.

Mirt. But how did you at last the Goddess's rage apace?

Erg. Our Cure's almost as ill as our Distress.

" For going to consult Heav'n we foun'

" The Oracle received this fatal Doom,

" That yearly, we to Nymphs offend the Queen,

" A Maid or Wife should offer, past fifteen,

" And under twenty ; by which means, the rage

" That swallow'd thousand, one death should all wage.

Mirt. And was this Barbarous Tribute by her will?

Doom'd to be paid for ever?

Erg. " The Oracle.

" Being askt agen, what end our Woe shou'd have;

" To our demand, this punctual answer gave.

" Your Woe shall end, when two of Race Divine,

" Love shall combine :

" And for a faithless Nymphs Apostate Slave,

" A faithful Shepherd Superterrogate,

" Now there is left in all Arcadia,

" Of Heav'nly stock, no other branch but they,

" Young Silvio, and fair Amabilis, She

" From Pan descended, from Alcides, He ;

" And to our grief, till now, there never yet

" Of Heav'nly Race, a Male and Female met.

On this a Nation's hope depends ; the rest

" Is still reserv'd in Fates own secret breast ;

" And with this Marriage, one day will ensue.

Mirt. " And all this poor Mirtillo to undo.

" What a long reach is here ? what Army's Band.

" Against one heart, half murder'd to their hand ?

" Is't not enough that cruel Love's my foe,

" Unless Fate too contrive my overthrow ?

Erg. " Alas, Mirtillo, grieving does no good,

" Tears quench not Love, but are its milk and food.

" I shall scape me hard, but e're the Sun descend,

" This Cruel One shall hear thee : Courage, Friend.

Mirt. That word has shot life through me ; do but this,

And to repay you for so vast a Bills,

When I am Dead, and her fair Hand has given

The killing wond, I'll send you thanks from Heav'n.

SCENE.

S C E N E the Third.

Enter Corisca and Celia.

Corisca. Yonder he goes; on that bewitching Face,

"When I behold Mirilles every grace,

"His unaffected carriage, all his Charms;

What pleasing heat my panting bosom warms;

But when I think anothers Chains he wears,

And will be deaf to all my Signs and Pray'r,

That dismal thought my bleeding heart strings tears,

"Shall I the flame of thousand hearts, the wrack,

"Of thousand Souls, anguish and burn, and lack

"That pity I desyed to other? I

Who kill by Cruelty, by Foudness dye.

Celia. Talk not of dying, Death's an end of pain,

To those that Love but once, and never Love again:

But thanks to Heav'n, you've no such danger nigh,

You have that pleasing Charm, Variety;

Let those that starve in Love, complain they dye.

Corisca. Yes Girl, had I no other Love but this,

In Love there would be very little Bliss.

"How extream poor must that ill Hous'e Wife prove,

"Who in all the World keeps but one only Love,

"What's Faith?

"What's Constaney? Tales which the Jealous feign,

"To awe fond Girls; Names as absurd as vain?

"Faith in a Woman! (if at least there be

"Faith in a Woman unyeal'd to me,)

"Is not a Virtue, nor a Heav'ly Grace,

"But the sad Penance of a ruin'd Face,

"That's pleas'd with one, 'cause it can please no more.

A thousand sett'er'd Slaves, should all before

A Beauteous Face fall prostrate, and adore,

"What's Beauty, tell me,

"If not purfied wheresoever dangerous are,

"It is a sign the person Lov'd is rare;

A Creature Charming, excellently fair.

Celia. You Beauties then like Majesty in State,

"Keep a large Tyre, One Officer to wait,

"Another to present, a third to prate,

"A fourth for some what else.

Corisca. Well Celia, when thy opening Beauty blows,

Grown up to Love, take my advice, and use

"Thy

" Thy Lovers, like thy Garments, put on one;
 " Have many; often shift, and wear out none.
 " For daily Conversation breeds distrust;
 " Distrust Contempt, and Loathing at the last.
 " Then get the start, let not the Servant say,
 " He has turn'd his Mrs, but lie him away.
 " These are the rules I take: I've choice, and strive
 " To please 'em all; to this my hand I give,
 " And wink on him; the Kingdom it I admit
 " Intomy-Bosom; but not one shall get
 " Into my Heart; and yet I know not how
 "(Ay me) Mirtho's crept too near it now!
 Celia. For shame, leave sighing, Silver, have more Pride,
 You that have got so many Lovers beside,
 Cure this fond Thirst by some more pleasing talk;
 Is half your plenty, none but Fools would fail
 Corife. I never sigh'd, but to deceive before,
 Such pains as these, till now I never bore;
 What shall I do? Leave him, I can't; Court him I must not. Yes:
 Love forbids that, and Honour hinders this.
 " First then I'll try Allurements, and discover
 " The Love to him, but will conceal the Lover.
 If after this, he does my Name despise,
 Nought but Revenge shall my hot Rage suffice,
 And my Proud Rival Amaryllis Dyes.
 My persecutor here—

{
Spring Sylvano Enter,
he runs away.

Enter Sylvano and Dorco.

Sylva. Corifea, stay.
 Confusion seize her! how she halts away?
 Why by Heav'n's Curse and Malice was I born
 To be a Vassal to such Pride and Scorn?
 " As Frosts to Plants, to ripen'd Earth a Worm;
 " To Flowers the Mid-day-Sun, to Seed the Worm;
 " To Stags the Toils, to Birds the Lime-twigs, to
 " Is Love to man an everlasting Poe.
 " And he that call'd it fire, pierced well into
 " Its Treacherous Nature; for if fire you view,
 " How bright and beautiful it is! Approach it,
 " How warm and comfortable? but when touch'd,
 " Oh how it burns; the Monster-bearing Earth
 " Did never Teem such a Prodigious Birth.
 " Where

" Where e're Love fixes its Imperial Seat,
" Cottage and Palace to its Rage submit.
So absolute is its too large Command,
Nothing can its Tyranick pow'r withstand.
" So Love, if you behold it in a pair,
" Of Starty-eyes, in a bright tress of hair :
" How temptingly it looks ; what kindly flames
" It breaths ? what Peace, what Pardons it proclaims ?
" But if thou dost it in thy bosom keep,
" So that it gather strength, and can but creep,
" No Tygrefs in *Hircanian Mountains* Nurst,
" No *Lybian-Lyoness* is half so curst.
" Nor frozen Snake fosterd with humane breath,
" His Flames are hot as Hell, Bonds strong as Death.
Dor. Why all this storm ? leave her, and rage no more.
Sylv. Preach silence to the Winds ; Ple ne're give o're.
" Women, perfidious Women ; all that's naught,
" In Love, from you is by Infection caught.
" He of himself is good, meek as the Dove,
" That draws the Chariot of the Queen of Love.
" But you have made him wild ——————
" You, who your Care, your Pride, and Pleasure place
" In the meer out-side of a Wanton face.
" Nor is't your busines how to pay true Love,
" And study whether shall more constant prove.
" To bind two souls in one, and of one heart,
" To make another but the Counter-part.
But how to use those arts you should abhor ;
" To paint your faded Cheeks, to cover o're
" The faults of Time and Nature. How ye make
" Pale Feulemort a pure Vermillion take ;
" Fill up the wrinkles, dye black, white ; a spot
" With a spot hide, where 'tis ; make't where 'tis not.
" And all the while such Torment you are in,
" That 'tis at once a Penance and a Sin.
Dorco. But for *Coriscas* Crimes, why must you strike
At the whole Sex ?

Sylv. Damn 'em, they're all alike.
Dor. But why such rayling ?
Sylv. Rayling do you call's !
There's not that Accusation, nor that Guilt,
As barbarous as Hell could e're invent ;
Of which Perfidious Woman's innocent.
" Do their lips open ? E're they speak, they lye ;
" And if they sigh, they lye molt damnably.

" False lights their Eyes are, and false weights their ~~Laws~~ ;
 " Their Hearts false measures, and false Pearl their ~~Tears~~ ;
 " So talk, or look, or think, or laugh, or cry ;
 " Seem, or seem not; walk, sit, or stand, they ~~lie~~.

Dor. If Women are such Monsters as you make, avoid ~~them~~
 How have they Charms, mens hearts how can they take ?

Sylv. Their Snares so plain, you'd wonder we are caught ;
 But Love is man's misfortune, not his fault.

For to promote their cursed bewitching Arts,
 They steal our Reasons first, and then our Hearts.
 And th' acts of Mad men can't be call'd their sin,
 And none but Mad men ever take Love in.

Yes, Mad indeed, when we repose our trust
 In those who would dye, rather than be just.

" These are the cursed Arts, these are the Ways.
 " That have made Love so hateful in our days.

" False and ungrateful Nymph. Example take
 " By me, unskilful Lovers, how ye make

" An Idol of a Face ; and tak't for granted,
 " There's no such Devil as a Woman Sainted.

" She thinks her Wit and Beauty without peer,
 " And o're thy slavish Soul does dominice,

" Like some great Goddess, counting thou wert born
 " As a thing Mortal only for her store.

" Takes all that praise as Tribute of her Merit,
 " Which is the flattery of thy abject spirit.

Dor. Why then so humbly is that Sex ador'd ?
 And each kind Look with sighs and tears implor'd ?

" These are the Womans Arms : Take the best way,
 Pursue, and tire, and seize her as your Prey.

Sylv. Thou hast inspir'd my Soul, and I'll obey.
 Since Tears and Prayers are vain, a bolder course

I'll steer : I am resolv'd t'enjoy by force :

" I must strike fire out of her Breast, by dint
 " Of Steel; what Fool us'd Bellows to a Flint ?

" Corisca, thou shalt find no more of me
 " That bashful Lover. No ; I'll let her see

" That Love sometimes (though he appear stark blind)
 " Can from his Eyes the Handkercher unbind.

And when I once have got her in my Arms,
 I'll sport and revel in her rifled Charms.

[Exeunt.

ACT

A C T the Second.

Enter Montano and Titiro.

Titiro. How is it possible my Daughter should
" By Heav'n be destined for the general good?
" For when I mark the words o'th Oracle,
" Methinks with those the Signes agree not well.
" If Love must joyn 'em, and the one does flye,
" How can that be? How can the strings which tye
" The True Lovers Knot be hatred and disdain?
Did Heaven intend this Marriage, 'twould ordain
Beauty, not Hounds, o're *Sylvia's* heart should reign.

Mont. " He's young; and has time yet to feel Loves Dart.

Tit. He Love! The Woods have took up all his Heart.

Mont. Not so, but Love may still new Pleasures bring.

Tit. " But Love's a Blossom that adorns our Spring.

Since want of Love is that this age his Crime,
I have but little hope t'expect from Time.

Mont. " What if this Marriage be not writ in Heav'n,
" 'Tis made on Earth, their mutual Vows they've given.
" To violate which, were rashly to prophane
" The God-head of great *Cynthia*, in whose Fane
" The solemn Oath was taken. Now how prone
" Our Goddess is to anger, and how soon
" By us to be incens'd, thour's not to learn;
But I declare as far as I discern;
" And a Priest's mind rapt up above the Sky,
" Can into the eternal Counsels pry;
" This Knot is tyed by the hand of Destiny.
" Besides, I in a Dream have something view'd,
" Which my old hopes has more than e're renew'd.

Tit. Dreams, what are they? Your hopes too strongly bent;
But say, what did the Airy Form present?

Mont. " When swelling *Ladon* weary of his Yoke,
" The Banks with his Rebellious waters broke:
" So that where Birds but lately built their Nests,
" Usurping Fishes swam; and Men and Beasts
" With Flocks and Woods, promiscuously t'an,
" Th'Impartial Deluge swept into the Main,
" That very night, that very night undone,
" I lost a Child, and then my only Son:

Whilst in his Cradle the poor infant lay,
 "The cruel Torrent ravish'd him away:
 I owe my Death to that unhappy day.
Tir. " And I may say of thy two Sons ; the Floods
 "Have ravish'd one, the other's lost i' th' Woods.
Mont. Perhaps kind Heav'n in the surviving Brother,
 "Will by the one make we amends for t'other.
 " 'Tis always good to hope ; now hear me out :
 " 'Twas at the dawning of the Morn, about
 "That Mungrel hour, which gotten betwixt Night
 "And day, is half an Ethiop, and half White :
 When kind Heav'n to my waking fancy brought
 These lively Images of Fate, me thought
 "On fam'd *Alpheus* banks I angling late
 "Under a shady Beech, there came up straight
 "A grave old Man, down to the middle bare ;
 "His Chin all dropping, and his grizled hair,
 And said, *Loe,* here's thy Son, and take good heed
 Thou kill him not, then dived into the Reed :
 Startled, I cry'd, Propitious Heav'n defend :
 No sooner did the Reverend shape descend,
 "But strait black Clouds obscur'd the Heav'n around,
 "And threatening me with a dire Tempest fround,
 "I to my bosom clapt the Babe for fear,
 "And cryed, shall then one hour both give and bear
 "Away my hopes: Streight all the air was turn'd
 "Serene, and Thunderbolts to ashes burn'd,
 "Fell hissing in the water ; with Bows broken,
 "And Shafts by thousands ; Signs which did betoken
 Extinguisht Vengeance ; then a furill Voice broke
 "From the riv'd Beech, which in its tongue thus spoke,
 "Believe Montano, and thy hopes still nourish,
 "Thy fair Arcadia once agen shall flourish.
Tir. Can your fond hope from such weak fancies rise ?
 "Alas, Montano's Dreams are Histories
 "Of what is past, rather than Prophecies
 "Of what's to come ; mere fragments of the sight,
 "Or thoughts of the past day reviv'd at night.
 Man's Doom, and the great Oracles of Heav'n
 Are never by such feeble voices given.
 "In short, how Heav'n has destined to dispose
 "Of our two Children, neither of us knows.
 "But this is clear to both of us ; thine flies,
 "And against Natures Laws does Love despise.
Mont. "Take courage *Tiriro*, do not debase
 "Your thoughts with mortal fears, but nobly place

" Your

" Your hopes above : Heav'n favours a strong Faith,
 " And a faint Prayer ne're climbs that arduous Path.
 " Our Childrens Pedigree you know's Divine,
 " And Heav'n that smiles on all, will surely thine
 " On its own Progeny. Come Tisiro,
 " Together to the Temple let us go,
 And humbly bow to the Eternal Throne,
 Victims and Prayers have pow'r, if Dreams have none,
 " And thou high mover of the Orbs, that ridest
 " The Starry Region, with thy Wisdom guidest
 " Their Course, look down upon our tottering State,
 " And reconcile Disdain and Love with Fate ?

[Exeunt.]

SCENE the Second.

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. " Riches, what are they, but our freedoms snares.
 " What boots it in the Spring-time of ones years,
 " To have the Attributes of fair and good,
 " In mortal Veins to lock Celestial blood ?
 " If with all these our hearts Contentment lose,
 And what we most desire, want pow'r to choose ?
 " Happy that Shepherdels, whom some course stuff
 " Obscurely cloaths, yet clear and just enough.
 " Rich only in her self, and in the best
 " And noblest Ornaments of Nature drest.
 Whose narrow state no forreign Cares distress :
 Her Bosom, and her little World at peace.
 " Who in sweet Poverty no waat does know,
 " Nor the Distractions, which from Riches grow.
 " Yet whatsoever may suffice the mind,
 " In that Estate abundantly does find.
 " One Fountain is her Looking-Glass, her Drink,
 " And Bath ; and if she's pleas'd, what others think,
 " It matters not. She heeds not blazing Stars
 " That threaten mighty ones ; Wars or no Wars,
 " It is all one to her ; Her Battlement
 " And Shield is that she's Poor, Poor, but content.

Enter Corisca.

Cor. Beyond my wish I'm favour'd by my Fate.
 Heaven's, must I be Mirtillo's Advocate !

Oh

Oh kind Ergasto, a more pleasing task
Thou could'st not grant, nor could Corisca ask.
Under the Name of Amaryllis Friend,
I have fit means, and safe to work my end.

Amar. Corisca!

Coris. My dear Amaryllis here?

Amar. Yes kind Corisca, all that's left of her,
I'm to be Married; all that once was mine,
My freedom and my heart, all that was thine;
My friendship and my smiles, are ours no more;
They are all seiz'd by a commanding Power.

Coris. Do not with needless fears disturb your peace:
Why must your freedom and our friendship cease?
There's no such Fetters, no such dangers wait
Upon the sweet and happy Married state.

Amar. Happy and Sweet—Alas—

Coris. "Why do you fetch
"That sigh? Leave sighing to that Wretch.

Amar. "What Wretch?

Coris. Mirillo.

Amar. What of him—Oh that blest Name.

Coris. Only I have saved his Life.

Amar. His Life! How came
His Life in danger?

Cor. By his dispair for you,
That hour he first your fatal Contract knew,
The killing sound no doubt had mortal prov'd,
Had not my kindness half his pain remov'd;
"By promising to break this Match, which though
"I only said to comfort him, I know
The way if need were—

Amar. Dear Corisca, speak;
Can thy kind help this cruel Gordian break?

Coris. Yes, easily.

Amar. My better Angel, how?

Cor. By Heav'n she loves him, and my
Fears are true.
To break this Marriage off, if you would please
T'assit me, is a thing I'd do with ease.

Amar. Unkind Corisca, had you in your pow'r
This blessing, and conceal'd it till this hour?
Well, though you hide your secrets, yet take mine:
Know when I think I must my heart resign,
"And all my Life be subject to a Boy,
That hates me, and does place his only joy

[Aside.]

[Aside.]

In

In Woods, in Beasts, in Dogs, and Hunts-mens cries ;
 That thought to my wrack'd Soul all Peace denies.
 Why was I born of Heav'nly race for this ?
 " Happy that poor and humble Shepherdess,
 " Who has not half my weighty Cares to keep
 " Her heart awake, who feeds her Master's Sheep.
 " With the pearl'd grafs, and with her lovely eyes,
 " Some honest Swain, that for her Beauty dyes.
 " Not such as Men or Gods choose to her hand,
 " But such as Love did to her choyce commend.
 " And in some favour'd shady mirtle Grove,
 " Desires, and is desired, and lives all Love.
 " This only is true Bliss, which till the breath
 " Deserts the body, knows not what is Death.
 " Would Heav'n had made me such a one.

Corif. Why that ?
 Ple wish ; to save you 'tis not yet too late.

Amar. " Not late ! My Faith I have already given
 " Both to my Father, and what's worse, to Heav'n :
 " And break with them I neither will, nor may.
 " But if your industry can find a way
 " T'untie this Knot, so that my Honesty,
 " My Faith, my Fame, and my Religion be
 " Preserved, how blest, how proud —

Cor. Leave it to me.
 Corifica's Glory, and her pow'r, this day,
 In all their colours shall their Pride display.
 " But when from an ill Husband thou art freed,
 " May not an honest Lover's hopes succeed ?
 Mirtillo you must Love, you shall ———nay more,
 Must give him leave to see you, and adore.

Amar. " 'Twere better he'd in peace and silence rest,
 " And root so vain a loye out of his Breast.

Corif. " Some comfort you shall give him e're he dye.
 Am. Half favours do but heighten misery.

Corif. " If they do so, the seeking is his own.
 Amar. " And what must I expect, should it be known ?

Corif. " How Cowardly thou art.
 Amar. " And may I still

" Be Cowardly in any thing that's ill.
 Corif. " And can you fail me in this small request.

" Farewell, so may I fail thee in the rest.

Amar. " Oh stay Corifica.

Corif. " If you'll promise me
 " To hear Mirtillo.

Amar.

Amar. Well, I'll promise thee
To hear him ; but provided it may be
But once.

Corif. But once.

Amaryl. " And that he may not know
" We meet with my consent or knowledge.

Corif. No :

You cannot think I'll be so indiscreet,
I'll make him think 'tis by my Plot you meet.
Trust to my care ; your safety in my hand,
Your faithful Creatures Pow'r and Life command.

Amar. Farewell, kind Maid.

Corif. Believing Fool, farewell ;
Yes, trust me, I will serve thee ; but as Hell
Serves Sinners ; I will lead her fairly on
Till past Redemption lost, she is undone.
She loves *Mirtillo* :

And Rivalship enflames me to that height,
That now I love him at that senseless rate,
That for his sake I'de startle at no crime,
Nay, I could e'ne turn Fool, and Marry him.

[Enter *Sylvano*, *ushing from behind the Scene*, and
catches her.]

" Oh *Amaryllis* I am caught, I am caught ;
Stay and assist me.

Sylv. No, she hears thee not.
" Thou Mrs. in the art of making Lyes,
" That sell'st false looks, false hopes at such a price,
" With honesty stamp on thy haughty brow,
None of thy falsehoods shall deceive me now.

Corif. To me this barbarous Language ?

Sylv. Yes to thee.
Now I'll reward thee for thy Treachery,
Thou Cheat, Dissembler, Witch, and Sorceress ;
Perjur'd *Corifa*.

Corif. " Yes, I do confess
" I am *Corifa*; not that happy she,
" Who once was Courted and belov'd by thee,
My gentle dear *Sylvano*.

Sylv. Gentle dear !
What sweetning words, what a new stile is here ?
Oh the Converions that are wrought by fear.
Was this the language, this the humble look,
When me for the young *Thiris* you forsook ?

And

And from that heart, just sealed to me before,
All your repeated Oaths to Nise's word;

Coris. Who, I forsake thee ? take back the least part
From thee of that inc're devoted heart,
Which is thy sacred right.

Sylvan. Oh wondrous strange !
No, no ; your constancy can never change !
Since of your Crimes you can forgetful be,
My vengeance shall refresh your memory.

Coris. Vengeance ! Oh Heavens, on whom ?

Sylvan. On thee, Enchantress, thee, fair Infidel.
Thou hast not play'd the Traitor's part so well
As I will do the Lovers. Thanks kind Pow'rs,
After so many sighs, and tedious hours,
My Life and Fortune's spent to buy your smiles,
Kind Fate at last rewards my weary toils,
And my false fair one, now I've triumph in the spoils.
Since so much Hell within your Bosom reigns,

I'll conjure all the Devils in your Veins.

Coris. Oh Horror ! My soft Peace, how can you fright ?
Can you hurt her whom once you call'd your dear delight ?
What Faith in Men can Wretched Virgins find,
If my *Sylvano* ceases to be kind.

Sylvan. Cease to be kind to thee. By Heav'n not I,
I'll be so kind——

Coris. Oh my hard destiny !
Sylv. — That not thy Father, when in all his heat,
And Youth, he did thy wanton Mother treat,
To raise this Cursed Rage to damn Man-kind,
Was ever half so hot, or half so kind.
He, lazy Nuptial Fool, did only move
In the dull humane Path of making Love ;
But I'll turn Ravisher, and sport like Jove.

Coris. " Behold me at thy feet. Oh pardon me,
" If ever I by chance offended thee,
" My Idol ; by those God-like looks, these more
" Than humane Knees, which clasping, I adore.
" By thy dear self *Sylvano*, thy more dear
" Affection which thou once to me didst swear :
" By the sweet influence of those Eyes, which thou
" Wert wont to call two Stars, two Fountains now.

Sylv. T'extract these Tears, what wonders have I done ?
Such soft Dew falls not after every Sun.

Corisca. Dear *Sylvia*, pity me, and let me go; I dare not leave *Sylvia*. " Thinkst thou still *Sylvia* to deceive me ? *No*.

Corisca. Oh let me go, try me but once, and see. How just, how faithful, and how kind I'd be.

Sylvia. No, I am grown too wise to credit thee;

" And he that takes thy word, himself ensnares,

" Beneath this humble bower, beneath these Prayers,

" Is hid *Corisca*. I too long delay'd,

My Pleasure and Revenge calls me away.

Come, my fair Martyr.

Corisca. Oh Inhumane, stay,

Hear me but one word more.

Sylvia. You beg in vain.

Corisca. Have you no pity left ? shall I obtain your No. Mercy ?

Sylvia. None, I'll drag you to my Cave,

And no more treat you as my Slave, but Slave.

There, Oh my Vengeance ! Oh my Pleasure !

Corisca. Hold.

Are you resolv'd ?

Sylvia. As firm as Fate, and left to be controll'd,

Have you done whining ?

Corisca. " Oh thou base, and not

" To be exempl'd Slave, half Man, half Goat,

" And all a Beast ; — thou Nature's Out-cast, born

For her Disgrace, and for *Corisca's* Scorn.

" *Corisca* loves thee not ! thou think'st the truth,

" What should she see in such a Charming Youth ?

Sylvia. Now your true self appears ? but do not think

Curles or *Prayers* shall make *Sylvia* shrink.

Corisca. Infernal Beast, let go your hold, be gone :

Think not the impious deed's so easily done.

That minute thy Impiety shall dare

But touch me, with my sturcks I'll fill the Air,

And call down all Heav'n's Thunder on thy head :

Nay, I'll turn Basilisk, and look thou dead.

Sylvia. Call Thunder down ! as if the Gods would hear,

Thy out-cryes, Devil. I so little fear

Heav'n's Anger for so just, so brave an act,

That in the very height of all the Pack,

I'll with such pride the glorious deed commit,

That I'll my self call Heav'n to witness it.

Corisca. Hell and Damnation thy black Soul confound,

And everlasting Horror shade me round.

Sylvia.

Sylv. But, Par. This boy is like some young rogue, who you'd hardly know
Too gentle: In this posture I appear
More like a Counter than a Ravisher.
Fury's the garb my Infies should wear:
Beast as thou art, I'll drag thee by the hair.

[Let's go her' Arms, and ruff his hands to her Hair.

My rage cannot commit an act too foul;
Fright me away? I'm not that easie Fool.

{ As he drags her away, her Hair comes off; and Sylvano
falls; at which time she runs off.

Perdition seize her. Oh she's gone, was e're
Such an Escape, 'tis such a defeat as here?
" Was ever man so fool'd! Thou art made up of Wifes,
" Wasn't not enough thy wifes, thy looks, thy smiles
Were all deceit; false, treacherously fair,
" But you must likewise sacrifice your hair.
" The glowing Amber, and the flowing Gold
" Which you, mad Poets, so extol, behold!
" Blush, blush now at your error, and recant
" Your thread-bare Thream, instead whereof, go paint
" The arts of a deform'd and impious Witch
" Breaking up Sepulchres by Night; from which
" She steals the hair, which upon Deaths-head grows,
" To Imp her own: which she so neatly does,
" That she has made you praise, what you shou'd more.
" Then dire *Megara*, Snaky locks about.

[Exit.

S C E N E the Third.

Enter Gerana and Dorinda.

Dor. To follow *Sylvio*, is that a Crime?
I'd wander o're the World to follow him,
Not Savage Deserts with their Beasts of prey,
And all their frightful Rocks should stop my way.

Ger. Come dear *Dorinda*, do not sigh in vain;
Come Love no more, but shake off all this pain.
Should Maids, in wild Young Men, place their delight?
Alas, they're Creatures not to please, but fright.

D 2

Dor.

Dor. You were young once, and if you told me true,
You said you Lov'd, And did they frighten you?

Ger. But when I Loved, I was at a Woman's Age, still strong
I stood upon my Guard against their rage,

I was more able too the storm to bear,

But they are Creatures which you ought to fear.

Ravenous as Lyons, and more fierce than they;

Whilst Slavish Women must their Wills obey,

And to their furious Appetites give way.

They have desires, to which you cannot bow.

Dor. But you have tryed, and you shall tell me how.

Ger. Poor Innocence, you know not what you say.

There's Debt, in Love, you are too young to pay.

Alas, thou'rt Ignorant—

Dor. Why then I'de learn.

Ger. Alas, your own desires you can't discern.

Dor. To please my Love, what is it that I want?

Can he ask any thing I cannot grant?

No, I have so much Love, that I believe, I'll be blessed the day

I've rather more than I know how to give,

Instruct me, for, I'de please him if I cou'd.

What are those Debts? — I know they must be good.

Love is a God, I've heard our Shepherds say:

And all that Gods command, we should obey.

If I've more heart than yet I understand,

Tell me, they shall be all at his command.

Ger. Inquire no farther — pretty Innocence,

But think of Loving Sylos, seven years hence.

Dor. And must I stay so long, so long a time?

Ger. Your Beauty then will be as all its prime.

Dor. Have I not all my Beauty yet? is it

For that my Sylvio cannot love me yet?

My wants in Beauty are this way supply'd,

I've Love enough, what e're I want beside.

Ger. Do but observe the Beauties of the May:

Yours will be once as ripe, and bright as they,

Stay till your worth is better understood.

All these gay flowers were once but in the Bud.

Dor. Must Virgins then grow up as Roots do? I say not so!

Pray, how is that?

Ger. To Age their Sweets they owe,

Whilst by th' warm Sun, and the kind Spring, they blow.

Dor. If then my want of growth be all my fault,

Methinks I need not stay seven years for that.

Let but my *Sylvio* love me. He has such charms,
Methinks I could shoot up in *Sylvio's Arms*.
His charming looks would make me anything,
So kind a Sun would soonduring on the Spring.

Enter *Sylvio* and Hunts-men crossing the Stage : *Sylvio* seeing Dorinda, offers to go.

Dor. Stay *Sylvio*, do not fly me.

Ger. Crows! stay. Is ever about the world a Nymph
Cannot such suppliant Beauty stop your way?

Sylv. My Torment here.
To stay, I want the pow'r,
I've notion now to kick away an hour.

Ger. Inhumane; Is this treat & recompence
For all the grace of using Innocence?
Thou man, more barbarous than the Scythian Race,
And Savager than the wild Beasts you chace.

Dor. Dearer than Life, and sweeter than the Spring.
My Joy, my Love, my Heart, my every thing.
Oh unkind Nymph, can you so Cruel prove,
To talk so harshly to the Man I Love?
Dear Sylvio—What have I said—
Methinks I blush, yet why, I do not know.
Something I've said or done, I should not do.
To say I Love him, there's no sin in that:
To tell the Truth, sure cannot be a fault.
And yet methinks—
A secret shame into my face does fly,
And says 'tis men should Court, and Maids deny.

Sylv. What is the cause fair Nymph?

Dor. Fair Nymph! Ah woe is me to thee!
You call me fair, but do not think me fit.

Sylv. What idle frenzy can so pow'ful be,
To make you take such pains to follow me?

Dor. Why do you ask? As if you did not know.
I would be near you wherefo're you go:
Do, let me follow you, let me be near,
"He hold your Arrow, and your Quiver bear:
And if your precious Life should e're,
By the Wild Boar you chace, in danger be,
I'll step between, and he shall first Kill me.
In *Sylvio's* presence is my sole delight:
On you I think all Day, and dream all Night.

[aside.]

And

And in the Morning, when by rattish Gates
I early wake, and go to lay my Corpse I could see
All on a sudden, when I smelling somwhat foul guitars did
And think I speak to H'ly'd, I saw a Hawk blow his bridle so
Yet unkind Sylvio from Dorinda flyes.

Takes all my Heart, yet gives me none of him. Every Sylva
Sylv. Why do you throw away a heart so ill?

I never yet knew Love, nor ever will.
Or if I did, 'tis in the Chace, the Glaves & Woods.
And Woods: My Hawks and Hounds have all my Love.

Dor. In Love with Hawks and Hounds? Those Creatures, Sir,

Their Loves already. They're by Nature taught to love
To Love amongst themselves. Those humble Creatures
Are not deserving to be loved by You.

Sylv. Well Nymph, I see I wrong you by my stay
I'll take the Causethen of your Griefs away
Adieu.

Dor. Stay but one minute, must we part?
So soon? I see the cause of all my smart.
'Tis Amayllis takes up all your heart.

Sylv. Before I go,
That little satisfaction you shall have,
I gave my hand; my heart I never gave.

Dor. Do you not love her then?

Sylv. By Heav'n, not I.

Dor. Does she want Charms?

Sylv. Their Influence I defie.

Dor. But are you sure you do not love her?

Sylv. Why?

Dor. Do you not think, and with you know nothing?

And Dream of her a Nights, as I of You?

Sylv. I think not of her waking, nor asleep,

My heart does no such worthies.

Dor. You've eas'd me of I know not how much paine
I'm Charm'd to hear you talk with such disting'ish
Malice or Love, or both, what e're it be;
I'm pleas'd he loves not her, though he hates me.

Sylv. Hark, I am call'd, my pleasure bids me,
Farewell.

Dor. You shall not go.

Sylv. I must not stay.

Dor.

Dor. Have you no Love, nor pity, cruel Man? —
Sylv. I pity you as much as you deserve, but I must do what I will.

Dor. Well then, if you are so undone, —
If by your Hate I'm doomed to be undone,
I'm the first slighted Maid that dyed so soon.

Sylv. Well pow'rful Nymph, —
For the unrest, the sighs, and pains so long
You've born in Charity, it's a thing so young.
For once I will be kind.

Dor. Will you be kind? —
Kind to Dorinda! Oh my lightned mind? —
And will you love me? — I ne're lived till now, —
Should I be yours? — My joys too mighty grow.
If the unrest I've born your kindness win,
To keep you kind, I'll never sleep again.
And if you've Charity, because I'm young,
Be sure I'll ne're grow old — but why so long
A silence? why this distance? Did you say
You would be kind, and do not know the way.
Swains, when they're kind, their dearest Nymphs approach,
With all their greedy joys their hands they touch,
And kiss 'em o're and o're.

Then round their Necks their twining Arms they throw:
Were I a Swain in Love, I should do so.

Sylv. Hold gentle Nymph, and give me leave to speak.
Do not my promis'd Charity mistake,
Your softnes has my stubborn spirit bow'd
So much, that I would Love you if I could.
And this Effeminate Confession, none
Of your whole Sex could win, but you alone.

Dor. And is it thus, you're kind? —
Sylv. Love I ne're can.

Within my Breast that Fever never ran.
You have my Pity; all I can I'll grant.
Nor will I say I Love you, when I can't.

Dor. You cannot Love? —
Sylv. My kindness is so great,
I will not pay your Love with Counterfeit.
Nay, in compassion to your sighs and tears,
Each rising Sun shall hear my Zealous Prayers:
I'll beg kind Heav'n that you may Love no more,
And your Conversion on my knees implore,
Once more fare-well.

Dor.

Dor. Why all this haughty anger? have you on your side
Stay, and be cruel still, and kill me quite? [Exit Sylva.]

Gerr. E'ne let him go, and to require this stercor,
May he, by Heaven's pursuing Vengeance, torn to pieces,
By some wild Monster in a Desert dye,
And injur'd Virgins curse his memory.
The noyse comes near, fly hence, no longer stay,
What if the Savage Beast shoud come this way,
And Chased with Hunting, spill your precious blood?

Dor. Alas, I would forgive him, if he shou'd.
Since unkind Sylva from my Love does fly,
Young though I am, I'm Old enough to dye.

The End of the Second Act.

A C T the Third.

Enter Amaryllis with a Train of Shepherds, who enter Singing.

Song.

Why does the foolish World mistake,
And Loves dull praises sing so loud?
What idle Subjects must they make,
Who choose a blind and Childish Boy their God?

What dearer Joys our Freedom brings,
Whilst the wing'd Quire on every bough,
Charm'd with our Bliss in Comfort sings,
And Night and Day our harmless pleasures view.

Chor. 'Tis Shame and the Night Loves folly does cover,
And only the Bat and Schrech-Owl that hover
Abont the dark Windows of a drowsy dull Lover.

The

Ryder Maps

The Song ended, they Dance, which done, they go off singing,
and Corrida enters and plays.

Cor. "I must go speak to him, or he'll not know what I say."

"To her faint-hearted Swain, what do you say?"
"I call him a swine," says the Duke.

Of Misses' Prize German Zinc.

Mr. J. W. C. GALT — I would suggest that some consideration be given to the question of the right of the Minister of National Defence to make regulations under section 12(1) of the War Measures Act.

"Mrs. I would approach her, but dare move no higher!
"How near to Impotence is Wrong desire?"

Corsic. Make haste, or she is lost.
Amar. "What do I view?"

Mirt. "Stay; If this action to thy scorn be done,
"Behold the Weapon and the Breast."

"Behold the Weapon and the Breast." [holding his Dagger to his Breast.]

Amer. Thou hast

Deserved that Sentence thy rash tongue has past.
What cause, bold man, could thy presumption move

To interrupt my soft Retirement? Yet I have
Mist. Love.

Amar. "Love is not true, if it can't stand up to hard times."

That dear Celestial Creature! I above.

Is it a Crime t'approach what we admire?
Do but observe, fair Nymph, how the wing'd Quire,

Each wandering Bird flies over Woods and Groves,
To mix its Airs with the dear Mate it loves.

To mix its Airs with the dear Mate's loves,
And what their Loves and weaker Sire has done,
Should defend Men - the Land of Peru.

Amar. And is this Love? Did Love your foot-steps steer,

Mirt. "As a wild Beast, enraged with wants of Food."

Rushes on Travellers from out the Wood.

So I, that only live on thy fair Eyes,
Since that lov'd Food thy Cruelty denies,

"On my fair Prey, is Ravenous Lover seize,
To my long famish'd Love, the only ease.

My Passion, and my Fears were long at strife,
And 'twas a stratagem to save Life.

Amar. "Alas, you persecute me, but in vain." *Now fallen mother*

Mrs. "Once e're I dye, to hear me.

Amar. " Well Sir, that Boon I grant. But this before,
 " Your little, quickly past, remissness, babies off the
 " Morn. " And then have thee more than thou love
 " My life and soonest death. Cruel, ask this Grove,
 " Each stupid Rock, each Mopane, which so loves, I
 " Hears the voice of my Complaints, made soft and quiet is it
 " Behind these flowers that make the Earth so proud,
 " Those Stars which nail the Firmament. The Crow'd
 Of Nights, bright Gems, my high desires;
 They've all been witness of my restless Fires.

To the adored bright Beams of those Eyes, I know I am
 My Soul with all her young dissipations spend; yet
 " But since you bid me say but little, to
 " Shall say but little, saying that I do
 " And shall confess in dying, how I do with it;
 " How much my death is vexed by these
 Yet when I'm Dead,

You'll pity what to Live you can't permit;
 " Must those bright Stars which my Loves Fash'd,
 " Light too my funeral Papers, read
 " As once sayings, and my facing Sun's pale blood
 Amar. What shall I say? I cannot speak. *Erstwhile*.

Mirt. Fair Saint,
 Have you no sense of my too just Complaint?
 Have you no pity? speak here, what have I done
 This Fate to merit? *Most likely*
 Say something Cruel Nymph,

Amar. What thought I say had, down I fall, by your side.
 You know I must answer you your way. Bid further, Mirt.

Mirt. " Say, dye, at least, if nothing else, you'll say, *if you like*

Amar. " Then dost pity, hast gone, you have.
 " Other it is to vain to long for, travel only, this bushy thistle
 " For odorous pity, you multirex imitate.
 " From her, who has given away all that before, you
 " But if you love me, and have told me truly, *so*
 " Love my good Name, my life, and whatsoever I have.
 " You seek Impossibles: I said, *if you like*, no
 " To Heav'n; Earth watches me, and my reward
 " If I transgress, is Death to *you* of all.
 " Virtue defends me. Sir, your heart needs filling, you
 " On barren Rocks, none but the unhappy fall.
 " And 'tis the part of Virtue to abhor or neglect it is awfully
 " From what we have, if it will prove our base.

Mirt. " He that no longer can resist, must yield you it is said
 " Once more I dare, to press the

Amar. "Where Virtue reigns, vice passeth out the field."

Mirt. "Love triumphs over Virtue." — *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

Amar. "Let that man — now you dids say me I will say —

"That cannot what he wills, will what he can. *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

Mirt. "Necessity of Loving, has no Law, *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

Amar. But Effects cease when Causes do withdraw. *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

I'll see you then no more. *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

Mirt. O stay, your former *Saturne*, I may just. *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

"In vain we fly, when we about us bear not; *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

"There is no Cure but that which Death affords. *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

Amar. "Death! Let me speak then, and believe these words.

Be as a Charm to you, although I know, *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

"When Lovers talk of dying, it does know, *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

"Rather an amorous ecstacy of the tongue, *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

"Then a resolve of mind, continuing long. *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

"Yet if in earnest you should evet take, *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

"So strange a Frenzy, I know that when you make — *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

"Your self away, you murder my Faith too; *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

"Live then if you do love not, and adieu, *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

Mirt. And must I live the ever in despair, *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

Doom'd to a Life that is not worth my care? *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

Amar. Mirillo, 'tis high time you went away, *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

"You have already made too long a stay, *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

Be gone, and let your griefs not grow too strong, *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

"Of hopeless Lovers, there's a numerous throng. *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

"There is no wound, but carries with its pain to offend me; *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

"And there are others, who of Love complain. *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

Mirt. How can I leave you? *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

Amar. Why, Sir, should you stay? *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

You know my heart's already given away. *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

You know I'm to be married, Sir, — yet still — *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

Oh Heav'n's! I'd like it'd be laid against my will. *[aside.]*

Be gone, be gone — *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

For should he longer stay, *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

I shall the weakness of my foot betray. *[aside.]* *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

Mirt. Why must I go so far from all that's dear to me? *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

Amar. Should but the Nymphs return, and find you here? *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

This place they hold so sacred, that they'd tear *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

You limb from limb. *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

The Thracian Nymphs ne're tore, *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

"And murder'd Orpheus so on *Habenus* shore. *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

Mirt. Is that a fear should drive Mirillo hence? *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

What if the place be sacred, the offence. *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

Proceeds from Love, and Love is sacred too; *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

They could not hurt the Slave that dyes for you. *With much force I repeat what Mirt. said before.*

Autor. He has laid his lay, his presence
Has such pow'r — My Father I expect this very hour;
And if he find you here, I shall pull down
A Nations anger and a Fathers frown.
Sir; for my safety go.

Mart. That word alone could force
Me hence; "but can I suffer this Divorce,
" And yet not dye; the pangs of death Marke
" I feel, and all that parting souls endure.

Autor. Mirillo, oh Mirillo, couldst thou see
" That heart which thou condemnest of cruelty,
" Soul of my Soul, shoud'st find it so much thine,
Thoud'st give me pity, and not ask me mine.
" Oh why, if Love be such a natural thing to evilest
" And pow'rful passion, is it Capital? on joy for joy
" Law too severe that Nature doth offend,
" Nature too frail that doth with Law contend.
Why must our bleeding hearts with sorrow break,
Whilst Modesty forbids our Sex to speak?
" Oh dear Mirillo, pardon thy fierce Foe,
In words and looks, but in her heart not so.
" But if addicted to Revenge thou be,
" What greater Vengeance canst thou take on me,
" Then thy own grief? For, if thou beest my heart,
" As in despite of Heav'n and Earth thou art,
" Thy sighs my Vital spirits are; the flood
" Of tears which follows, is my vital blood.
" And all these pangs, and all these groans of thine,
" Are not thy pangs, are not thy groans, but mine.

Enter Corisca and Celia.

Corisca. Why pangs and groans? what should your peace destroy?
What hinders your desires, or bars your Joy?
Come, you must love Mirillo: Why so coy?

Autor. What do you mean? You know our breach of Faith,
Is punishit by th' Arcadian Laws with death.
Corisca. And is it that dull Nymph keeps you in awe?
" Which is more ancient, tell me, Love or Law?
Love's a Majestick pow'r; Came in with Nature, and grew up with Man,
And with the world its Sovereignty began.

Laws were but Innovations crept in since,
Which envying Loves Imperial Excellence,
Like Rebels Circumscribed an Absolute Prince.

Amar. Oh Heavens! I scarce dare gueſs at what you mean:
But could I thy wild Counſels entertain,
“ And for th’ offence the Law my Life ſhould take;
“ Can Love of Life a Reſtitution make?

Coriſc. “ Thou art too nice: If Women all were ſuch,
“ And on thy ſcruples ſhould iñiſt too much:
“ Good days adieu.
“ Laws are not for the Wife. If to be kind
“ Should merit death, Love help the cruel mind.
“ But if Fools fall into thoſe Snares, ‘tis fit
“ They be forbiſt to ſteal, that have not wit
“ To hide their Theft.

Amar. Hold: this wild ſubject change.
You ſtarle me to hear you talk ſo strange.

Coriſc. Why ſtrange!
One minute of our Life’s not in our pow’rs,
And who but Fools would loſe whole days or hours?
Celia, conveit her wiſh that Song I taught you.

Celia Sings.

“ Let us uſe time whilſt we may;
“ Snatch thoſe joys that baſt away,
“ Earth her Winter-Coat may caſt,
“ And renew her Beauties paſt;
“ But our Winter come, in vain.
“ We ſollicite Spring again.
“ And when our Furrows Snow ſhall cover;
“ Love may return, but never Lover.

Amar. “ Thou ſay’ſt all this ondy to try me ſure:
“ Not that thy thoughts are ſuch, but reſt ſecure,
Unless the way to break this Contract be
A plain ſafe way; from guilt and ſcandal free:
Your uſeless Counſels you propoſe in vain;
“ I’d dye a thouſand Deaths e’re I’d my Honour ſtain.

Coriſc. “ But *Amaryllis*, doſt thou ſeriously
“ Believe thy *Sylvio* rates his Faith as high,
“ As thou doſt thine?

Amar. Alas, how ſhould I know?
“ What’s Faith to him, who is to Love a Foe?
Coriſc. “ Loves Foe! There’s thy miſtake: Oh theſe coy ſouls
“ Believe ‘em not. The deep stream ſilent rowls.
“ No Theft in Love ſo ſubtle and ſecure,
“ As to hide ſin by ſeeming to be pure.
“ In ſhort, thy *Sylvio* loves, but ‘tis not thee.

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" He loves else-where.
Amar. " What Goddess must she be?
" For certainly she's not of mortal frame.
" That could the heart of *Syvere* inflame.
Where are her Altars, what's this Goddess Name?
Corise. " No Goddess, nor yet Nymph.
Amar. " What was you said?
Corise. " Do you know my *Lisetta*?
Amar. " Who, the Maid
" That tends thy Flocks?
Corise. " The same : She's all his joy.
Amar. " A proper choyce for one that was so coy.
Corise. But will you know what Magick's in her Arms,
And what great pains he takes to meet her Charms.
" He feigns to go a Hunting. But i'th' heat
" Of all the sport, he does by stealth retreat
" From his Companions; and comes all alone
" Into my Garden, by a way unknown.
" Where underneath a Haw-thorn hedges shade,
" The Gardens fence, the poor expecting Maid
" Hears his hot sighs and amorous pray'rs, which she
" Comes Laughing afterwards, and tells to me.
Amar. 'Tis well.
Corise. Now hear my plot, and let my Friendship prove
My industrious Zeal to Crown your Sacred Love.
" I think you know, that the same Law which does
" Enjoyn the Woman to observe her Vows
" To her Contracted, likewise does Enact,
" That if the Woman catch him in the fact.
" Of falsehood, all her tyes and contracts cease,
And she has free pow'r to Marry where she please.
Amar. " I know Examples. *Egle* having found
" *Lycotas* false, remain'd her self unbound.
Corise. " Now hear me out : My Maid by me set-on,
" Has bid her Credulous Lover meet anon
" In yonder Cave with her, whence he remains
" The most contented of all living Swains.
" And waits but th' hour. You shall surprize him there:
" And I too as your Witness, will be near.
Amar. Already I've a prospect of my Bliss.
" I like it rarely, but the way
Corise. " 'Tis this.
" In th' middle of the Cave, oth' right hand, lies
" Another lesser Grot. There thou shalt hide
" Thy self; and hidden in that place abide
" Till the two Lovers come : I mean to send
" *Lisetta* first, and after her, her Friend ;

“ Following aloofe my self, and when I have
“ Perceiv’d him safely Lodg’d within the Cave,
I will rush after him, and at my cryes
You shall come in, and the false Swaine surprize :
“ That done, shall take the penality oth’ Law :
“ I, and *Lisetta* then will strait with-draw,
“ And to the Priest, and then thou shalt unye
“ This Fatal Knot.

Amar. “ Before his Father ?

Corisc. Why ?

“ What matters that ? Think’st thou *Montaneus* blood
“ Will stand in Ballance with his Country’s good.

Amar. “ Go on then ; setting all disputes aside,
I wink, and follow thee my faithful Guide.

Corisc. “ Then linger not, dear Nymph, but enter in.

Amar. “ Before this mighty enterprize begin,
I’ll to the Temple, and the Gods adore :
And by my Prayers from Heav’n, succels implore. Exit.

Corisc. “ Go, and return then quickly. How I’m pleas’d !
Of half my Troubles I’m already eas’d.

“ But to go on, there’s something must be done

“ T’ abuie my honest Lover *Coridon* :

“ I’ll say I’ll meet him in the Cave, and so

“ Will make him after *Amaryllis* go.

“ That done, by a back-way I’ll thither send

“ The Priest of *Cynidis*, her to Apprehend ;

“ Guilty she will be found, and by our Laws she dyes,

The cause of all *Mirilloes* Cruelties.

Enter Mirillo.

“ He’s here—— I’ll found him till she comes : Now rise,

“ Rise all my Love into my Tongue, and Eyes.

Mirt. “ Hear ye damn’d Spirits that in Hell lament,

“ Hear a new sort of pain and punishment :

“ See in a Turtles look a Tygers mind :

“ She crueler than death, ‘cause she did find

“ One death could not suffice her bloody will ;

“ And that to live was to be dying still,

“ Enjoyns me not to make my self away,

“ That I may dye a thousand times a day.

Corisc. How fares your Love, *Mirillo*, since you came

From your dear charming Nymph——

Curse on the Name *aside.*

Mirt. “ As one who in a violent Feaver cast,

“ And is forbidden Liquor, longs to tast :

“ Which got, he greedily lets to his mouth,

“ And thus he quenches Life, but cannot Drouth.

Corisc. “ Love over us, no pow’r can e’re receive

“ But what our slavish selves, *Mirillo*, give

“ When

" When by his fond desires man's Soul is brought

" So poorly to be fetter'd to one Thought;

" Love quickly tyrannizes in his Breast,

" And straight grows up a Master from a Guest.

Mirt. Should not one Thought fill up *Mirtilloes Heart*?

Is hers a Beauty to deserve but part?

Corisc. " How weak, how ill a Bargain, foolish Swain,

" You make, to exchange kindness for disdain?

Mirt. " The Cruelty of Beauty does refine

" A Lover's Faith, as Fire the Golden Mine.

" Where were the sacred Loyalty of Love,

" If charming Women did not Tyrants prove?

Corisc. " Oh wretched and unhappy thōse, in whom

" That foolish Idol, Constancy, finds room.

" Come rouze, *Mirtillo*, know your nobler parts:

" Look out, you cannot want a thousand hearts.

Mirt. Though scorn'd and hated, I had rather fall

Her dying Victim, than command 'em all.

Corisc. Oh horror! how he tortures me.

No doubt

You are possest with some kind flattering thought,

That though an outward scorn she's pleas'd to show,

Like burning Mountains cover'd ore with Snow,

There's heat within, Enchanted Dreamer, no.

Mirt. These are but Trophies of my constant Love,

" By which I'lle triumph o're the Gods above;

" O're Men below, my Torments and her Hate;

" O're Fortune and the World, o're Death and Fate.

Corisc. Wonder of Constancy! if this man knew
" How much he's lov'd by her, what would he do? { aside.

Mirtillo, were you e're in love before?

Mirt. Her, and her only can my Soul adore.

Corisc. Then it should seem your Heart was never laid,

But at the Feet of some disdainful Maid.

" Oh that 't had been thy chance but once to be

" In love with one that's gentle, courteous, free.

" Try that a little, try it, and thou'l find

" How sweet it is to meet with one that's kind.

" How pleasant 'tis to have thy Mistris twine

" About thy Neck, and her Sighs echo thine.

" And after say, My Joy, All that I have,

" All that I am, and thy desires can crave,

" At thy Devotion is. If I am fair,

" For thee I'm fair; for thee I deck this hair

" This Face, this Bosom from this Breast of mine,

" I turn'd out my own heart to harbour thine.

Mirt. Happy's the man that's born under a Star
So fortunate!

Corisc.

Corisc. " Dull Swain ; a Nymph as fair stood mid them all
 " As the proud'ſt ſhe that curſe and ſpeakſe to th' Ad'le wif
 " Her beauteous Treſes worthy of thy love,
 " As thou of hers : The honour of this Grove,
 " Love of all hearts, by every worthier Swain,
 " In vain ſolicited, adored in vain,
 " Does Love thee only, and thee only prize
 " More than her life, and for that love ſhe dies.

Mirt. If ſuch a Nymph there be, conceal her Name,
 To all my other Tortures add not shame.
 Let me not know ſhe ſuffers for my fake,
 And bluſh to think I no return can make.

Corisc. " However try what kindneſs is, talk both.

Mirt. " Distemper'd Pallats all ſweet things do loath.

Corisc. " Uncharitable Youth, art not thou poor,
 " And can't thou beat a Beggar from thy door ?

Mirt. " What Alms can Beggars give ? Alas ! I ave ſworn
 Allegiance, and a Traytor cannot turn.

Corisc. " Blind Youth, who is it thou art conſtant to ?
 " I am unwilling to add Woe to Woe,
 But can I fee thee cheated and betrayed,
 Her Honour fold, thy Sighs her Paſtime made,
 And yet not ſpeak ? " No doubt but you ſuppoſe,
 " This Cruelty from her ſtrict Virtue grows :
 Thou art abuſed, that tiresome Vanity,
 Call'd Innocence, ſhe has long ſince laid by.

Mirt. And can your Profanation ſwell ſo high ?

Corisc. You'll not believe !

Mirt. Believe thee.

Corisc. Then go on :

In wilful Ignorance, and be undone.

Mirt. " O Torture ! I muſt die if this be true.

" Corisc. No, live dull man, and thy Revenge purſue,
 And though I know it will your Heart-ſtrings tear,
 Her Falſhood I muſt ſpeak, and you muſt hear.
 " Then to convince you, ſee you yonder Cave ;
 " That is your Mrs. Faith and Honours Grave.
 " In ſhort, there oft a bale-born Shepherd warms
 " Thy Virtuous Amaryllis in his Arms.

There ſhe her Blis, her Life, her Heaven does find :
 The Ivy to the Oak's not half ſo kind.

" Now go and ſigh, and whine, and conſtant prove
 " To that kind Nymph that thus rewards thy Love.

Mirt. " Ah me Corisc, doſt thou tell me true ?

" And is it fit I ſhould believe thee too ?

Corisc. " Truth is, I did not ſee it, but thou may'ſt,

" And preſently, for ſhe her Word has paſt

" To

" To meet him there this very hour. But hide thyself
 " Thy self beneath his study Hedges side,
 " And thou shalt see her enter into his Castle, I warrant thee
 " And after her, her Happy amorous Slave.

Mirt. So quickly must I dye ?

Corisc. See, I have spied her in her way, beseid of me.

" Her coming down already by the side,

" O'th Temple, mark how gaily she moves;

" Her steading pace besaying their stoln Lover.

" To mark the sequel, do you here remain,

" And afterwards we two will meet again.

Mirt. Since the discouery of the Truth's so near,

" With my Belief I will my Death defer.

Amor. Now Amaryllis.

Amar. I from the Temple come as light as Air :

" How much Heav'n listens to a Virgin's Prayer ?

" I kneeld and pray'd, and straight felt, me thought,

Another Soul into my Body shot.

" Which whisper'd, fear not, Amaryllis, go

" Securely on. Yes, and I will do so,

" Heav'n guiding me. Fair Queen of Love, befriend

" Her, who on thee for succour does depend :

" Thou that as Queen in the third Orb dost shine,

" If e'er thou felt by thy Sons flames pity mine.

" An humbler Votare I ne're kneelt before thy Shrine.

" Securely Enter ; yoh Mirillo, oh

" Mirillo, couldst thou dream for what I go.

Mirt. I wake and see what I could never have been

" Born without Eyes, that I might not have seen.

" Or rather not to have been born ; curst Fate,

" Why hast thou thus prolong'd my Lifes sad Date ?

" To bring me to this killing Spectacle !

Mirillo more tormented than in Hell.

Dye then, Mirillo dye —— How dye, and give

The Traytor leave my Rain to our live.

" You that enjoy my Spoils, who e're you are,

" Since I must fall, shall my Destruction share.

Back to my Covert then I will repair,

And when the Villain shall approach, he dies.

" But is't not base to kill him by surprize ?

" What if her Wrongs I openly should right ?

" That would proclaim the cause for which we fight.

" Dye basely then thou base Adulterer.

" That hast slain me, and hast dishonour'd her.

" I, but the blood may, if I kill him here.

" The Murder show, and that the Murderer.

" What

“ What need I care ? Yes, but the Murther known,
 “ Betrays the cause for which the Murder’s done
 But her stain’d blood, has not so quench’d my flame ;
 I’d kill her Guilt, but would not wound her Fame.
 “ Close then in Branches on the Rock’s left side,
 “ Within the Mouth o’th Cave, my self I’ll hide :
 And when I see her impious Minion come,
 I’ll give the Adulterer and her shame one Tomb.

Enter Sylvano.

“ And your dear Foot-steps which I long have trac’d
 “ In vain, un-erring path lead me at last
 “ To where my Love is hid. To you I bow,
 “ Your Print I follow. Oh *Carisca*, now
 I do believe thee. Now thou hast told me true.

[Goes into the Cave.

Sylv. “ Does he believe *Carisca*, and pursue
 “ Her steps to *Erycinus* Cave ? A Beast
 “ Has Wit enough to apprehend the rest.
 Is there a Devil like a Woman damn’d
 In Lust ? Not Hell is half so much inflam’d ?
 Her Guilt and shame is but too plain,
 “ This Strumpet to this Swain her self has sold
 Bewitching Lust, but more bewitching Gold.
 “ And here by the false Light now of this Vault,
 “ Delivers the bad Ware which he has bought ;
 “ Or rather ’tis Heav’n’s Justice that has sent
 “ Her hither to receive her punishment.
 “ From my Revenging Hands. The words he said,
 “ Seem’d to imply some promise she had made,
 “ Which he believed : and by his spying here
 “ Her print, that she’s within the Cave, ’tis clear.
 “ Do wisely then, and stop the Mouth o’th Cave
 “ With that great hanging Stone, that they may have
 “ No means of scaping ; to the Priest then go,
 “ And bring by the back way, which few men know,
 “ His Ministers to take her in the Fact ;
 And by her death, my dearest Vengeance act.
 Justice, Revenge, Heav’n and my injur’d Love,
 Joyn all your Pow’rs with mine, this Rock to move.

[Splits the Cave with a piece of the Rock.

“ So now the Fox is trap’t, and finely shut
 “ Where she had Earth’d her self. I’ll straight go put
 “ Fire to the hole ; where I could wish to find
 “ The rest of Women to destroy the kind.

Exit.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

owne selfe I have had w^t
and shew it to the world w^t
which you bring me of ten and hould w^t first and
A C T the Fourth. Scene the First.

Enter Corisca.

Carise. “ **T**HIS day has Heav'n and Earth, Nature and Art,
“ Fortune and Fate, Friend and Foe ta'ne my
part.

“ How much more happily (to make her sin
“ Look more like Truth) Fate brought *Mirillo* in,
“ Then I contriv'd to have brought *Coridon*?
And how as luckily was that great Stone
• Roll'd by *Sylvano* o're the mouth o'th Cave?
Who cou'd expect such Service from that Slave?

Enter Sylvano.

Sylv. *Corisca* here! thou damin'd perfidious Cheat;
I thought by this I had cur'd your amorous heat.
How comes it, Devil that I find thee here?

Corisca. To find me here, where lies the wonder? where
Did you expect me?

Sylv. To have found thee fool'd
Snar'd and betray'd, thy wanton courage cool'd;
Led to a Temple, there t' have undergone
That Punishment my Vengeance had pull'd down,
And thy loud crimes deserv'd: I thought I shou'd
Have seen

Shame written in thy Forehead, and thy Blood.

Corisca. Audacious Slave!

Sylv. Was not that Stone enough
To hold ye? are not Rocks and Marble Proof
Against the Assaults of Lust? How got ye off?
Speak Sorcerels!

Corisca. What does the Traytor mean?

Sylv. How got you out o'th Cave, that dear dark Scene
Of Villany; t' escape the Minister
Of Justice, which I sent to seize you there?
Have you broke Prifons, or subverted Laws,
Or baffled Justice; made your impious cause
Like those fair Looks which your false Colours paint?
Acted a Devil and appear'd a Saint?
Which of 'em was't? or was it all? say, how?
All this bewitching Womans power can do.

Corisca. I scorn thy Imputations savage Slave.
T'was *Amaryllis* that was found i'th Cave.

And with *Martillo* caught, th' Adulteress dies.
Can thy black Soul, with all its Treacheries,
Father on guiltless me thy barb'rous Lyes.

Sylv. Did he not name your Name in entering in,
And say you had told him true — Oh I begin
To find the Cheat, some trick to take her head.
Nothing that's truth can from thy Tongue proceed.
I'll to the Priest, and clear her of the guilt.
No blood but thine shall by my rage be spilt.
I'll swear thy Treasons, and her death prevent;
And false, or true, I'll prove her Innocent. [offers to go.]

Corisc. *Sylvo*, stay, and hear me e're you go.
God's! for a little of the Woman now.
This Villain if his flight I do not stay,
Will ruine all my Love, and all my Plots betray.
You've often said you lov'd *Coriscia*. { aside.

Sylv. True.

Corisc. And she has often laid, that she lov'd you.

Sylv. And I, Fool as I was, believ'd you too.

Corisc. Why was that Faith a Crime? how can you still
See by false Lights, and read my thoughts so ill?
How oft my seeming falsehood you've purſi'd,
Even to my death, and sought my guiltless blood?
Nay, when your Jealousie so high could swell,
And your blind fears, you thought, discern'd so well,
You fee kind Heav'n does your Errour prevent,
And, cruel Man, you find me Innocent.

Sylv. Because I once have had a false distrust,
Therefore my Jealousie must ne're be just.

Corisc. Well, if I am still that Monster you suppose,
However, sure some sign of Love it shews;
When I can't tamely hear you treat me thus,
And yet forgive a style so infamous.

Sylv. Oh *Syrin*, canſt thou Love? How many Rogues
And Villains, odious Slaves, and hated Dogs
Have I been call'd; and treated like 'em too?
Do, call this Love, yes perjur'd Woman, do.

Corisc. To those harsh words, I was by passion driven:
Things done in storms, should be in calms forgiven.
Besides, I have been treated too as ill;
And yet through all your Rage, you lov'd me still.

Sylv. And you deferv'd it, you can't less than prove
A Miracle of Faith, of Truth and Love.

You're such a wond'rous stock; ask Gordons,

Philander, Strephon, Nijo, Cleopatra,

Philisides, Geron, Thrysis, Demea,

By all those Legions of your Loves you're true.

Corisc. How can your fears such wild Chimera's frame?

Can you my harmless Conversation blame?

Sylv. How harmlessly you their kind Visits paid,

Witness the Assignations you have made,

The Presents you receiv'd, the cursed Gold,

For which your Vowes were broke, and Honour sold.

Corisc. Can you object the Gifts and Treats they made,

And think those Tributes were with Love repaid?

Our Companies require the Treats we take,

And our Acceptance pays the Gifts they make,

I kept them company — was it ill done?

To hear all Loves, when I receiv'd but one?

Sylv. Oh Cunning!

Corisc. She befalls a worthless Heart,

Whose feeble Eyes had never but one Dart,

'Tis a dull Prize that's never fought but once;

But thus their weak Pretences I renounce:

I'm all Sylvano's sacred and entire.

Sylv. Magick and Witchcraft, I shall take new fire.

Corisc. Alas! I made you jealous on design,

T'affuse your Love before I made you mine,

Since Marriage is a bond that ties till death,

Could I have too much trial of your Faith?

Sylv. Death and the Devil! I am mad again.

The tame and silly loving Fool's got in.

Corisc. Men best express how Treasures they esteem,

By the concern they shew in losing 'em;

Your rage and storms to think me perjur'd, prove,

The violence and ardence of your Love,

And to requite the tedious pains you've born,

Accept in blushes this last just return,

To morrow at the Altar seal my heart.

Sylv. Thou wilt be true, thou must — by Heaven's thou art.

Corisc. In all my Charms there my dear Love I meet,

And lay my Soul at kind Sylvano's feet.

But one thing I forget; — do not let me be too hardy,

Do not defend that naughty Woman's cause,

Let the lewd shameful Wretch suffer the Laws.

They,

They have met thers before, a hundred times :
 But let her die, vile Creature, for her Crimes.
 I hate that odious sin so much ; may all
 That practise it, as much unpitied fall.

Sylv. Forgive me, if I take my self away :
 To morrows bliss permits me not to stay,
 I must prepare for our dear Nuptial day.
 And the bright Sun when he salutes the Skie,
 No Persian shall ador so much as I :
 But see I find you true.

Corisc. Can you suspect me now ?
 By my Religion and my Life, I'm true.

Sylv. Pray Heaven this plots Resolution last,
 For to your Sex that Grace comes not in haist.

Corisc. Why this mistrust ?

Sylv. You know you never told me truth before.

Corisc. Now you're unkind.

Sylv. Well, I'll suspect no more.

I will believe you just, and live in hope
 Falshood in Woman, is a stream may stop,
 Grant ye great Gods (that one kind wonder do)

Once in a life a Woman may speak true.

Corisc. Poor credulous Fool — What dangers did I shun ?
 Had I not us'd this Cheat, I had been undone.
 Had the bold Slave appear'd in her defence,
 He had crush'd my Plots, and prov'd her Innocence.
 But now thanks to my Wit,
 His Preparations for his faithful Bride,
 No doubt has found him work enough beside.
 Proud Rival, nothing now thy Fate shall stay :
 The gawdy Sacrifice must bleed to day.

Exit.

Exit.

S C E N E the Second.

Enter Montano, Amaryllis bound, with Attendants.

Mont. " Base present Age, which dost with thy impure
 " Delights the beauty of the Soul obscure,
 " Teaching to nurse a Dropsie in the Veins,
 Bridling the look, but giv'ft desire the Reins.
 " Thus like a Net that's spread, and cover'd lies
 " With Leaves and tempting Flowers, thou dost disguise
 " With coy and holy Guiles a Woman's heart,
 " Mak'ft Life a Play, and Virtue but a Part.

G. 2

" They

" They think it not a fault Loves Sweets to steal,
" So from the World they can the Theft conceal.

Amar. " Had I been guilty, then it wou'd have been
" Less grievous to me to have Death pay sin.
But now to die thus innocent, in all
" My Pride of Youth and Fortune thus to fall,
" Is a sad case.

Mont. A sad one 'tis indeed,
When at one stroke th' *Arcadian* hopes must bleed.
Thou born of Heavenly Race, born to affrage
A Nations Grief, t' appease a Goddess Rage:
" One that for Heavenly Beauty, merited
" Temples and sacred Victims, to be led
" Thy self to th' Altar as a Sacrifice.
" Who could behold it without melting Eyes?
Oh wretched Fall!

Amar. " For all this have not I
" Transgref't the Law, but innocently die.
" Must I then die, *Montano*, must I die?
" None left to hear, none to defend me left?
" Of all abandon'd, of all hope bereft?
" Only of such a mocking pity made
" The wretched Object as affords no aid.

Mont. Be patient Nymph, and give me cause to tell,
" Though thou didst ill, yet that thou suffer'st well.
" Look up to Heaven, that gave thee birth, and be
" Content with what is writ above for thee.

Amar. Oh 'tis a cruel Sentence, whether given
By Men or Gods, or writ in Earth or Heaven:
But writ in Heaven I am sure it cannot be,
For that does my unsullied bosom see;
And there my injur'd Innocence is known,
Stands fair, and shines before th' Eternal Throne.

" But what does that avail, if I my Life must pay?

Mirt. Who fears to die, dies every hour 't th' day.
" Why hang'st thou back, and draw'st a painful breath?
" Death has no ill in't, but the fear of Death:
" And they that die when they have heard their Doom,
" Fly from their Death.

Amar. " Perhaps some help may come.

Mont. Good Nymph no more, our Duty calls us hence,
I with your stay no longer can dispence.

Amar. " Dear Woods adieu then, my dear Woods adieu,
" Receive these Sighs (my last ones) into you,

"Till my cold shade, forc'd from her seat by dire
"And unjust Steel, to your lov'd shades retire;
"For sink to Hell it can't, being Innocent,
"Nor fear to Heaven, laden with discontent.
"Mirtillo, dear Mirtillo, most accurst
"The day I saw, the day I pleas'd thee first:
Without thy Love, death would less frightful be,
My greatest pain in death, is, losing thee.

Enter Corisca.

Is this the Nymph accuses me, dear Friend,
Thy goodness cannot to such Crimes descend,
Rescue my Honour, and my Life defend.

Corisc. Dear *Amaryllis*, your own Actions blame;
You lost my Friendship when you lost your Fame.

Amar. Nay, then my ruin does too plain appear,
I little thought such Treason Harbour'd here.

Corisc. Treason! Heaven knows my heart.—Treason in me?
No, I'de not wrong my mortal Enemy:
Because I've spoyl'd her amorous design,
She would repair her Fame by wounding mine:
But Sir, I am a Witness of her sin,
I saw this wanton Nymph steal softly in:
A glowing-colour all her Face o're spread;
It made me blush to see her look so red.
At her approach, behund a Bush I stept,
And unperceiv'd, my watching station kept:
The eager Youth came after her in haft;
His looks less fearful, and his steps more fast,
And blustring, rusht into the Cave, whilst I,
Oh the strange Charms of Curiosity—

Amar. Oh my tir'd patience! Oh thou barbarous
Inhumane Nymph, t' abuse my Virtue thus;
What Treacheries did ever I design
Against thy blood, that thou should'st thirst for mine.

Corisc. Abuse thy Virtue, thou hast none to wrong;
But not to make th' unpleasing tale too long,
Close to the Rock my lift'ning Ear I laid,
And th' hollow Cave this gentle sound convey'd;
On the cold ground, as the Nymph panting lay,
In a faint dying Voyce, I heard her lay,
What shift does poor Love make? to which the Swain,
With a brisk joy, thus Answer'd her again:

42. *Paper Fido.*

No shining Monarchs in their Beds of Gold,
And their proud Arms so much Treasure hold,
Not half my Bliss, not half thy sweetest last.

Amar. Oh torture me no more, dear Sir, make hast
Send me to Execution, let me dye ;

“ Tis worse than death to hear this Blasphemy. [Ex. guarded.]

Corise. See with what hast she takes her self away ;

Hér guilt's so terrible, she durst not stay :

Yet there's such winning Beauty in her Face,

That I protest, were I to judge her case,

My tender-hearted nature is so good, —

I should forgive her sin : I Vow I shou'd.

Exit.

Mont. “ Fair Golden Age, when Milk was th' only Food :

“ The Cradle of the Human World the Wood,

“ Rock by the Wind'ry, when th' unsought Flock did bear

“ Their dear Young for themselves. None then did fear

“ The Sword or Poyson ; no black thoughts begun

“ T' Eclipse the light of the Eternal Sun :

“ Nor wandering pass'd unto a foreign shore,

“ Or War, or Riches (a worse mischief) bore.

“ That Idol, Honour, which th' Ambitious blinds,

“ Was not till now the Tyrant of our minds ;

No Lawless wishes then, no Perjuries

Corrupted Love ; then the blind God had Eyes.

“ Husband and Lover signif'd one thing ;

“ True Love, and the delights true Love does bring,

“ Was Honour to those sober minds that knew

“ No Happiness, but what from Virtue grew ; }

Dear Heaven that state of Innocence renew. }

Exit.

Enter Mirtillo.

Mirt. Wretched Mirtillo, to the Temple flye,

And there behold thy Amorilla dye,

A Martyr to thy groundles Jealousie.

Oh damn'd Corisea, thou Infernal Hag ;

Do, boast thy Treasons, and thy Trophies brag ;

And as the greatest Curse that I can give,

May'ft thou but dye with half the pains I live.

SCENE

SCENE the Third.

Enter Dorinda disguis'd in a Coat of Mail.

— Dorind. *Sylvio*, when I appear in my own shape,
Takes all the care my presence to escape;
And when my sighs I utter, then he speaks
With so much scorn, that my poor heart he breaks;
But thus disguis'd I may his Foot-steps trace;
“ Securely gaze upon his lovely Face.”
“ Live in the Sun-shine his fair Eyes do call,
Follow my Love, and near my Heaven be plac'd.
But what if he should see through my Disguise?
Tho' Love, they say, is blind, yet Hate has Eyes.
Wretched Dorinda, every way thou'rt lost:
Was ever poor unhappy Maid so crost?
Well, from my Love you too unkindly flye.
The Nymphs will chide you *Sylvio* when I dye.
I'm the last Conquest too you e're will make:
For none of 'em will Love you for my sake.
Wearied and tir'd, I grow so faint, I'll try
If I can sleep, in yonder brake I'll lye,
If they can sleep that Love so much as I. *Exit.*

Enter Sylvio, with Linceo and other Shepherds; a Boar's Head being carry'd before him in Triumph; the Shepherds Sing.

“ Oh glorious Youth, true Child of Hercules,
“ That killst with easie such Monstrous Beasts as these.

Linceo, “ Oh glorious Conqueror, by whom Iyes slain:
“ The terrorre of th' Arcadian plain:
“ This is the famous Trophy, Noble Toyle
“ Of him whom we our Demi-god must rate?
“ Extol his great Name Shepherds, and this day,
“ Keep ever Solomn, ever Holy-day.

The

The Shepherds Sing.

"Ob glorious Tomb, true Child of Hercules,
"That killest with ease such Monstrous Beasts as these.

Lynco. "Oh glorious Youth, who didst despise thy own
"For others safeties.

Sylv. All that I have done,
Was but my duty. "Vertue climbs her Throne
"By these steep stairs and the high Gods have set
"Danger and Toyle before her Pallace Gate,

The Shepherds Song.

Thanks Conqueror to thee; no more shall the Crown
Be scar'd from the Plough, and the Tillage lay down;
"He shall sow the Plump Seed, and from Eartha pregnant Womb.
"Expect the wist fruit when the Season is come:
No more shall the Shepherds be frightened away,
The Nymphs and their Loves in the Forrests shall play.
Chor. No more shall the Shepherds, &c.

Lynco. "Such peradventure was the famous Boar
"Alcides slew, yet so thy glory's more;

"Tis thy first labour but his third.

"But with wild Beasts thy Infant Valour plays,

"To kill worse Monsters in thy riper days.

Sylv. "But stay, I see, unless my Eyes mistake,

"A greyish thing at Couch ia yonder brake?

"Sure some wild Beast, most certainly 'tis one!

More Triumphs still, my Victories to Crown.

Direct this Arrow by thy power Divine,

And Cynthia, the devoted Head is thine.

Sylvio draws an Arrow and shoots; at which Lynco, and some of the other Shepherds go out.

Sylv. "What have I done, what have my Eyes beheld?

"In a Beasts Skin I have a Shepherd kill'd:

Sylvio an end to all thy Triumphs give;

"Throw down thy Weapons and inglorious live.

Enter Lynco and the former Shepherd, leading in Dorinda
bleeding, or wounded with an arrow.

Lync. Lean gently on my Arm.

Dorin. May I not know—

Sylv. Dorinda!

Dorin. To what hand my death I owe?

Lync. To Sylvio's.

Dorin. Must I Sylvio's Martyr prove?

Sylv. How ill, poor Nymph, have I repaid thy Love!

Dor. Kill'd by so dear a hand!

Sylv. How can I gaze

On so much ruine? dare I see that Face

And live? No, fly thy guilt, fly thy disgrace;

" Yet something holds me, and would make me run

" To her, whom I of all the World did shun.

Dorin. Why do you look so wildly— do not start

At what you've done; if you have struck my heart,

It was your own, and that can be no fault:

" Those hands to wond me, your fair Eyes have taught.

Sylv. Run Lynco, fly, and bring some quick relief;

Bring all your help, Friends, Arts, to save her life;

Fly as you value my eternal Bliss. [Exit Lynco.

Dorin. This Care is wondrous kind; indeed it is.

But now I fear it comes too late.

Sylv. Too late!

Divert, ye Gods, this bloody Scene of Fate,

And save her life, or I must ever howl.

Horrors and Hell will haune my tortur'd Soul.

Dorin. Wipe yoawear Eyes, this grief I cannot see;

You are too good to be disturb'd for me.

But if you think my death a fault has been,

Let me enjoyn the Penance for your sin:

When I am dead, dear Sylvio, do but come

Once in a day, and visit my cold Tomb;

And when you see the pretty Garlands hung

About my Grave, to flew I dy'd so young,

And think how the bewailing Nymphs all met,

With trembling hands the Cypres Branches fet,

And mixt the flowers, their tender Eyes all wet;

When you shall read upon the little Stone,

Here lies Dorinda by her Love undone,

And o're my dust the weeping Marble see,
Then with a sigh you will remember me.

Sylv. Remember thee ! is this weak Tribute all
That I must pay for thy unhappy fall ?

Dorin. And is not this enough ? Will you do more
Then sigh for my poor sake ; nay, then you shall weep too,
And mourn for me, as I have done for you.

Say, will you not ?

Sylv. Is that all I can pay ?
A Pious Mourner at your Grave I'll stay,
And on your Marble weep my life away.
Why could our meeting Souls no sooner join ?
Now dear *Dorind*, I am entirely thine.

Dorind. Then I'll die pleas'd, if death hath made you mine.

Sylv. Must so much Goodness die ? when thou art dead,
And all that's dear on Earth's for ever fled ;
Thus o're thy Dust I'll hang my drooping Head.

Dorin. But will you wish I were alive agen ?

Sylv. More then for Heaven.

Dorind. But would you love me then ?

Sylv. More than the Saints love Bliss : I'de be all thine :
No Constancy, no Faith, no Love like mine.

Dorind. With joy before I could my life resign,
But death will now but little welcome find,
Now I'de fain live to hear you speak thus kind.

Enter Lyncō and Dameta,

Sylv. Oh save her life, with hers redeem my Fate : [to Dai]
Restore her Heaven, but if I pray too late,
If Faith on Earth the Gods above regard,
With Constellations, and with Crowns reward,
No common Coronet's reserv'd for thee
In Heav'n, in Hell, no common pains for me.

Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

A C T the Fifth

S C E N E, the Temple of Diana.

Amaryllis appears bound, with Guards of Shepherds attended with a Heads-man and an Ax.

Enter to her Mirtillo, who kneels to her.

Amar. Mirtillo rise; this posture does not fit
My dying state: And though our Sex admit
Such humble Tribute in their Pomp and Pride,
Now I must lay that vanity aside.

Mirt. If so much Innocence must bleed, and all
Th'unaiding Gods can see such Virtue fall,
Where all my Vows, and all my Prayers are due,
Be not offended if thus low I bow;
You are a part of Heav'n, and 'tis my Duty now.

Amar. Mirtillo, do not chide me when I own,
I grieve in death we two must part so soon.

Mirt. Oh my charm'd Ears! dear Excellence go on.

Amar. Had Life been mine I had kept this secret hid;
But Modesties strict Laws, sure can't forbid
To own my kindness now. Yet if it be
A fault, my dear Mirtillo to impart
The tender Secrets of a dying Heart,
I shall be quickly punisht for my sin:
That Tongue that utters it, ne're speaks agin.
And you'l soон fee in Scarlet currents flow,
That blood that blushes when I tell you so.

Mirt. What divine Raptures from this sweetness flow!
But after all these Blessings must you die?
Never was happiness wound up so high,
To break so soon.

Amar. Since I have gone thus far,
I can't but let you all my weakness hear.

By a feign'd Plot the false *Corisca* laid,
Into that fatal Cave I was betray'd,
To have found *Sylvio* false ; and enter'd in.
By the just forfeit of his faithless Sin,
To break the Fetters I was doom'd to wear ;
And so recall my Vows to pay 'em here.

Mirt. Now t' all this dazzling kindness hear
From me, the barbarous return I made :
I too was to that fatal Cave betray'd:
I saw you enter in, and my blind Jealousy
By false *Coriscas* Arts was rais'd so high,
That my accurst misguided Soul had fram'd
Those black and hideous Thoughts, for which I'm damn'd.
I went to find a base born Shepherd there,
Divinely good, and excellently fair.
Now Judge if in the race of man there be
A Devil such as I, or Saint like thee.

Amar. *Mirtillo*, 'twas unkind, 'twas much unkind.

Mirt. Is that the bashest name that you can find?
Why was I made the Monster of Man-kind ?
Suspect such Innocence, such Goodness doubt !
No Infidel but I durst harbour such a thought.
Just Heav'n by your wing'd Lightning let me burn,
And fall a Funeral Taper at her Urn.

Amar. Hold, unkind Sir —

Mirt. Let me go on : What Curse too great can be
For that Infernal Slave that murders thee ?

Amar. As I forgive you, Sir (and may Heav'n too)
No farther this unpleasing strife pursue.

Mirt. Must I be silent then ?

Amar. Yes Sir, you shall :

To our unhappy Stars impute my fall.

Mirt. O Miracle of Goodness !

Amar. And if e're
You truly lov'd, let your calm looks appear.
This as I'm dying, sure you can't deny.
'Tis worse to bear your horrors than to die.

Mirt. Divinest of thy Sex, thou art obey'd ;
I'll summon all my Courage to my aid.

Enter Corisca.

Corisca here?
Corisca. The Priest within, and the chief Ministers
 Are feasting Heav'n with Sacrifice and Pray'rs.
 The place is safe, and I may speak. Her Guards
 Keep distance, and I shall not be o're heard.

Mirt. Dares thy Accursed Face

Corisca. What dismal Prologue's there?
 No Sir, it is my kindness brings me here.
 I come to save her life.

Mirt. Wilt thou protec^t her Life, and clear her Fame.

Corisca. I will.

Mirt. Then I'll raise Altars to thy Name.

Corisca. When I betray'd you —

Mirt. I forgive the sin,
 Name it no more; thou art all white again,
 Save but her life, and in immortal Charms
 I'll live for ever.

Corisca. Hold. Not in her Arms.

Mirt. What do I hear?

Corisca. Unseal your blinded Eyes:

I am that Nymph, who for *Mirtillo* dies,
 And once my Rivals Murder had design'd,
 But thanks to Heav'n I've chang'd that bloody mind.
 The Guilt's all gone, but yet the Love remains.

Mirtillo, if in pity to my pains,
 You can be mov'd by a sad Virgin's Prayer,
 To save my life by killing my Despair:
 Your hand to me before this Altar give,
 And *Amaryllis* for that Grace shall live.

Amar. O horror! what a killing sound is here?

Corisca. Nor for her safety think you pay so dear.
 I rob you, Sir, of nothing. She can ne're
 Be yours; the Bars that Destiny has thrown
 Betwixt your Loves, have your vain hopes undone.

Amar. By her false Accusations let me die.
 If nothing but your Love my Life can buy,
 That mighty sum do not too prodigally pay;
 That hour that takes *Mirtillo*'s heart away,
 My Death begins. Then let it gently come;
 Let me not sink in Tortures to my Tomb.

Corisca. Oh my wrack'd heart!

Mirt. Oh

Mirt. Oh my transported Soul!
Was ever Love so true?

Corfis. Was ever Fool
So idle? Yes, embrace thy amorous Prize;
Fill thy fond Arms, and glut thy greedy Eyes:
But know in one half hour thy darling dies.

Mirt. Infernal Fiend.
Forgive me; Angel was the word I meant.
Save but her life, and be my tutelar Saint.

Knells to Corfis.
Enter Montano, Ergasto, Lynco, and several Shepherds and Priests in Procession, singing.

SONG.

" Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,
" That shin'st a second Sun in the first Spbear,
" To the blind World.
" Thou, whose Life-giving and more temp'rare ray
" Thy Brother's burning Fury does allay.
" Ah! pity thy Arcadia, and that Rage
" Thou dost in others, in thy self affrage.

Mirt. "Once more your sacred Voices all unite,
" And once again invoke the Queen of Night.

Second SONG.

Where's artless Innocence and guiltless Loves,
If they are banish'd the Arcadian Groves?
Fair Cynthia, though late,
Pity the Ruins of a World, create
In us true Honour: Virtue's all the State.
" Great Souls should keep. To these poor Cells return,
" Which were thy Courts, but now thy absence mourn:
" From their dead sleeps awake,
All those Lethegick Infidels,
Who following their corrupted Wills,
Thee and the Glory of the ancient World forsake.

Mont. To what dire Prodigies does sin give Birth?
" The Goddess sweats cold drops of Blood; the Earth
" Is Palsie shook; the sacred Cavern howls
" With such unwonted sounds as tortur'd Souls

" Send

Pastor Fido.

"Send out of Graves: Our blasted Victims show
Our Ills too plain, and our Revenge too slow,

Mirt. These Prodigies by angry Heaven are sent
To prove this perjur'd Beauty innocent.
Mistake not, Holy Sir,

When Justice strikes, and suffering Criminals dye;
The Gods look smiling, and serene their Sky,
These horrors all from Innocent blood arise:

Corisc. How! guiltless? would the were: Then these chaff
Had never been profaned with impious Loves. (Groves
Her Infamy had then not been so loud;
Nor had this Funeral pomp drawn all this mourning crowd.

Mirt. Exquisite Fiend?

Oh Sir, believe her not. This injur'd Virgin's Honour has no spot.
A purer Saint the undeserving World ne're grac'd;
A brighter Star in Heav'n was never plac'd;
The Goddess you adore is not more Chaff.

Mont. Forbear this Blasphemy.

Corisc. No, let him Rave; 'Tis all the pleasure that poor Losers have.

No kindness yet?

Mirt. Oh my distracted Soul!

Corisc. Yet yield, and she shall dive.

Mirt. No Traytress, before me here abooWith oon

Corisc. Constant Fool!

Mont. Now Nymph, before the Fatal stroke is given,

If thou wouldst reconcile thy self to Heaven,

Make thy last Prayer. (decree,

Amar. Kneeling Since then my Stars my Martyrdom-

My injur'd Fame, dear Heav'n, I leave to Thee;

Clear but my sullyed Name, when I am dead,

And willingly to th' Ax I'll bow my Head.

" My Body to its Native dust I give:

" My Soul to him, in whom alone I live.

Mirt. If she must dye,

Here my last Vows I'll seal. [Kneels and kisses her hand.

Mont. Rude Swain forbear,

Such profanation is not suffer'd here.

Mirt. You may more easily Seas from Seas divide:

Our Souls are joyn'd, and make one mixing Tide.

Mont. Force 'em asunder {The Attendants

'Tis no wonder Heav'n. {Force 'em apart.

Has such dread signs of displeasure given :
When their own Rites they thus polluted see,
And from such stains not their own Adams free.

Mirt. Is there such Treason in a parting kiss ?
For ever torn from all my dearest bliss.

Amar. Mirtilla, this is an unkind Divorce,
But let their cruel Rites havid their free course.
Love at this distance, and strict Laws deny,
Thus I'll look blessings on You, and then dye.

Enter Carino and Damera.

Car. Hold, hold, your Fatal Doom !

Mirt. My Father here ?

Carin. Yes, and thy Father is thy Murderer.

Thou art Adonias Son, and if he give
Her Death, in whom thy Life does only live,

'Tis his own blood he spills.

Mont. Take heed bold Man.

Car. Sir I speak truth, and fight me if you can.

The Son you lost i'th' deluge, is this Youth ;

I found him lodged near our Alpes mouth.

Undeund : His Cradle like a little boat,

" Into the Woods had carryed him afloe

Such care had Heav'n —

Mont. Where is Damera ?

Dam. Here.

Mont. " When you came back (tis since some 10. years) am

From seeking of my Child, which the woon brook,

" By'ts rapid laundations from me took

" Did you not say that you had sought with pain,

" All that Alpeo baths, and all in vain.

" How comes it then —

Dam. Your pardon, Royal Sir,

I went to seek him, and I found him there.

But this good Man had kept him as his Son,

And Fear made me conceal what he had done,

Because the Oracle fore-told me there,

" That if the Child then found should e're

" Return, he should be like to dye,

" By his mis-guided Fathers Cruelty.

Mont. " Ah me ! it is too clear : This act of mine,

" My Dream and th' Oracle did well Divine.

Why

Why did the Gods protect my drowning Child,
Preserve my blood to have it thus defil'd ?

Mirt. Great Sir, from whom my Royal Birth I draw,
I claim the favour of th' *Arcadian Law* :
When Criminals are doom'd to bleed,
Equals in blood in their Exchange may dye,
And now that Equal to her blood am I.
How can you see such Fetters on those hands ?
Make hast, unty, unty those impious Bands.
And in her place, by the kind Gods decree,
Your *Cynthia* juster Victim, offer me.

Corisc. Now all my hopes are ruin'd —

Foolish Swain !

[aside.]

By my curst Arts my dear *Mirtillo* slain !

Amar. Why generous Youth do you pursue this claim ?
You'll save me from the Ax to dye with shame.

Mirt. What glory to my Royal Birth I owe,
When to redeem thy Life, my blood may flow.

Corisc. I cannot see him dye.

[aside.]

Enter Sylvano.

If you have pitty for a Virgin's Prayer, [kneels.]
For your own blood, this dear Youths blooming years,
And your *Arcadias* hope —

Sylvan. What do I see !
By all the Devils in her Soul, 'tis she.

Corisc. Alas, I've been unkind —

Mom. What does she say ?

Corisc. To Death with him ; take the fond Fool away.
Pray for his Life ! my dull mistake forgive.

A Slave so senseless don't deserve to live.

Sylvan. By all that's good, she Loves the smooth-fac'd Youth.
Sir, I Conjure you by your Love to Truth :
By all your piety, the Gods you fear,
Believe her not ; that Monster do not hear.
On her own head let your kind Justice fall ;
She has Cheated You, Her, Him ; Betray'd you all.
Treason's her busines, Poyson's in her Tears ;
Perdition in her soul ; she never Swears,
But she is Perjur'd ; if she speaks, she Lyes ;
And all the Prayers she makes, are Blasphemies.

Corin. "Thou art the happiest Father, and most dear
 "To the immortal Deities ; See here
 "The long-kept secret of our Fate made clear.
 "Tears of delight in such abundance flow
 "From out my heart, I scarce can speak. Our Woe,
 "Our Woe shall end when two of race Divine,
 "Love shall combine,
 "And for a Faithless Nymphs Apostate state,
 "A faithful Shepherd Supererrogate.
 Of Heav'ly race is not this Youth, when thine?
 And *Amaryllis* is of race Divine.
 "And what great Sir, but Love has them combin'd ?
Sylvio, by Parents and by Force was joyn'd
 "To *Amaryllis*, and is yet as far
 "From Loving her, as Love and Hatred are.
 Mons. "In what a mist of Errors, how profound
 "A night of Ignorance have I been drownd ?
 By every Circumstance 'tis evident
 "The fatal Voyce, none but *Mirtillo* meant.
 "For who indeed, since slain *Amintas* Death,
 "Exprest such Love as he ? such constant Faith ?
 "Who but *Mirtillo* for his Mrs. would,
 "Since true *Amintas*, spend his dearest blood ?
 "This is that work of Supererrogation ;
 "This is that faithful Shepherd's expiation
 For the Apostate *Lucrin*'s fact. Now Son, [Gives
him Amaryllis.]
 Compleat a Nations joys, and Crown thy own.

Mirt. Then the Immortal Treasure let me seize,
 And thus, kind Sir, embrace your sacred knees.

Amar. Our Loves thus Crown'd, Ergo flye, and save
 My wretched mourning Father from a Grave :
 Tell him I live, and all his fears remove.

Mirt. Thy Piety's as Charming as thy Love.

Corife. Break, break my heart.

Mons. But as the Gods ordain'd
 T' unite your hearts, your hearts must be unstain'd.
 Heav'n that preserv'd thy Childhood from the Flood,
 By Miracle restored thee to my Blood ;
 And to oblige Mankind, decreed this rye,
 Could do no less than gaard her Chastity.
 As you dread Torture, Death, and angry Heav'n, [to Cor.
 Confess her Injuries, and be forgiven.

Repent,

Repences, and say she's Innocent.

Corisc. I do.

I wrong'd you, Sir, but yet I loved you too.

To Mir.

Sylvan. Yes, she has loved him, and all Man-kind beside ;
The Sex is not enough to please her Pride.

Corisc. Oh how I hate that Face.

Sylvan. I know you do.

Corisc. Dear World farewell, and all Delights adieu.

Sylvan. Sir, as you ever Faith and Justice prize,
Hear from my Tongue that Witche's Sorceries.

Their entrance to the Cave's her Plot, and laid

Only to have her Rival's Life betray'd,
And yet by all the Oaths Art could design,

Or faithleſs Woman ever break, she's mine.

And mine by all her Conjurations, nay,
To morrow was to be our Wedding-day :
And all was but a trick to take me hence,
Lest I should stay to prove her Innocence.
Never did such a monstrous spurious Race

Of Nature, Heaven, and Nature's works disgrace.

Mont. Is all this truth ?

Sylvan. Too true.

Mont. Just Heav'n forbid.

False Nymph, did you —

Corisc. I know not what I did ;
I cheated him, wrong'd him, design'd her Fall ;
I have my Pardon, and I own it all.

Mont. Had ever Blood been so unjustly spilt ?
But though I have forgiven your savage guilt,
I can't permit your breach of Faith, I must
Not only pardon you, but make you just.

Corisc. I am all horror.

Mirt. If this false-Fair-ones Crimes you can forgive,
And take an humble penitent Fugitive,
She's yours.

Corisc. Death and Confusion !

Mont. 'Twas breach of Faith was the provoking guilt,
In all the sufferings *Areadia* felt.
But it shall end.

Sylv. You could not please me more,
This Nymph is all the Blessings I implore.
I hate her worse

Than

Than Hell, and of all other hopes bereft,
Marriage is all the dear Revenge that's left.

Corisc. Is this your promis'd Mercy?
Let me meet Wracks, Death, any thing but him.

Mont. Is this your Penitence for your pardon'd Crime?

Corisc. To marry him is all the Plagues of Hell.
Adders and Scorpions.

Sylvan. No, 'tis wondrous well.
I shall convert thee, pretty Infidel.

Corisc. Have you no mercy left? No pity, Sir?

Silv. Have you no Justice left? Give me but her—

Corisc. Of all the Savages the World can find,
Let me but shun that Monster of the kind.

Sylv. Of all the happiness of human life,
I only beg that Jewel, for a Wife.

Corisc. Oh Sir! you Stab me, Kill me—

Mont. When you swore

You'd marry him, were Oaths esteem'd no more?
Forsaken Piety, where art thou fled?

Be just, as you woud save your forfeit Head.

Corisc. I loath thy very sight.

Sylv. And I love thee, my pretty Innocence,
As much as thy hot Blood loves Impotence.

Corisc. Why then inhuman will you marry me?

Silv. To torture every Vein of thy false heart,
Make thy cheek'd Pride at my dear Vengeance start.

Thy torments will a secret Joy afford:

I was thy Slave, and now shall be thy Lord.

Nor hope I'll shun thy hard Bed, in spight

I'll tyrannize all day, and sport all night.

My Head I'll on thy perjur'd Bosom lay,
Ransack thy Spoils, and chase thy Sleeps away.

Enter Sylvio and Dorinda, who kneel to Montano.

Corisc. Yes, Villain do, and my Revenge shall be,
I will be kind to all thy Sex, but thee:
I'll make you a worse Monster than you are.
Oh I am mad—

Sylvan. A very hopeful pair.

Corisc. I'll meet thy loath'd embrace in such a frightful shape,
That every Kiss you force, shall be a Rape.

To Mirt. As I am doubly punish'd for my Crime,
At once in losing you, and meeting him,
In pity to the Ruins which you make,
Those few stol'n minutes from her Arms you take,
Bestow on me. You'll find me strangely good.
I'll banish all the Feavour from my Blood;
And love you with desires so pure, so chaste.—

Sylvan. Stand off; the Witchcrafts of those Eyes are past:
Dear Mine, I'll lay thy wandring Devils fast.

Corisc. You shall be welcome to my Soul, my Arms.
But if the force of her more pow'rful Charms
Hold you too sure; to make him Jealous, be
So kind, as but to feign and flatter me.
Ayd the Revenge of an unhappy wife,
And make him lead a wretched Husband's Life.

Sylvan. Let him come near thee, Syren, if he can;
Thy Slavery shall have so short a Chain,
I'll keep my aking Forehead from that pain.

Corisc. In all the Cheats I used, the Tricks I plaid,
And all the Credulous Fools I have betray'd,
Free from all bainous Crimes I safely slept:
My Virgin Chastity entire I kept.
Did I preferre my Innocence for this?
A Maid! dull Slave, I am too good for thee.
A Curse upon my Idle Honesty.

Sylvan. Can she be honest then at last? If this
Be true, ye Gods, I ask no greater Bliss.

Sylvio. Your Confirmation of our Loves has given
Me all the joys I wish on this side Heav'n.

Dorind. But *Sylvio* see you Love me as you shou'd.
And flight me not for want of Heav'nly blood.
But, Sir, if Love to Gods Allied can be,
I am as near of Kin to Heav'n as she.

Enter Titiro.

Tit. Welcome to Life, and to thy Fathers Arms:
I am all Joy: My Youth ne're felt such Charms.
Here take her, Sir, and may you happy live.
This day has all the longest Life could give.

[*To Mirt.*

Dorind. Gerana.

Ger. My dear Joy.

Dorind. The happy Dart,
That *Sylvio* shot, brought me my *Sylvia*'s heart:
Through the dear wound his Soul game fluttering in:
He'll Love, and Love, and never hate agen.
But you have been unkind.

K

Ger.

Act. 12. —
Dorinda. Yes, you said, this grise in him, now shew me some; A
I should not think of Love. Heaven knows how long, all at once I
Till seven years hence. But you were in the wrong, it will alone I
My Sylvia finds no fault that him too young.

Mom. Now my dear Children, there your Fathers heart,
Love has this day play'd his Triumphal part,
But, Cupid, all these Blessings spring from thee,
Faith, Innocence, Truth, Justice, Constancy,
And every Grace that humane Breast impairs,
It but a spark of the Celestial Fires.

Mirt. All other Virtues may be taught above,
But ye great Gods look down, and heare to Love. *Exodus Omnes.*

E P I C O G U E

Who would not Drown a silly Rimming Fop,
When there is scarce a Portman of a Shop,
With Sense of Animal, and Part of Sensit,
But Count's poor Tawdry Sampson, in Chancery;
Will make ye Ringers on Cakes and Ale, Rehearse
A Holy-days Treat, at Illyngton, in Verjet
Rhiming, which once had got so much your Passion,
When it became the Lumber of the Nation,
Like Vests, your seven years Love, grew out of Passion.
Great Subjects, and grave Poets please no more:
Their high Strains now to bumble Farce pull lower,
So strutting Gallants, in his bony Vest,
And in his loose full-bodied Tunick dress,
All on a sudden to Thin-garter'd Paunch,
A fine French Jerkin, Breeches close to Haunch,
Was grown so changed, you'd swear the slender Imp
Was dimidled from a Lobster to a Shrimpy,
And as with Habits, so 'tis with the Stage,
Fashion is all the Beauty of the Age.
And yet who (thanks be to our happy Stars)
We're Fools enough, good Comedies are scarce.
And Faith 'tis very strange, Fops being so plenty,
There's not one bits your Pictures, right in twenty.
And gad the Reason I have thoughts upon:
To that Variety of Fop you run,
Your Features change &c half your Pictures done:
Be but more Constant, Fool out on one way,
And fit but out the finishing a Play,
And Gentlemen, my honest Word I'll pawn,
You may be better pleas'd, and better drawn.

